

THE ANTIOCH NEWS.

Pledged to The Republican Policy of Reciprocity and Protection to American Industries, as Formulated in The Republican National Platform.

VOL. XIX.

ANTIOCH, ILLINOIS, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1905.

NO. 12

PEOPLE YOU KNOW

What They Are Doing and Where They Go—Some Interesting Items

SOMETHING ABOUT YOUR NEIGHBORS

Short Local News Gathered in Our Journeys About the Town, and Which You Should Know

ELGIN, ILL., Nov. 6—Butter firm at 23c. Output of the week, 558,000 lbs.

Any kind of clothing at Chase Webb's.

George Webb left on Tuesday for Oklahoma.

Bert Bown was transacting business in Waukegan Monday.

I have plenty of all kinds of gloves and mittens. Chase Webb.

W. S. Westlake was transacting business in Chicago on Saturday last.

One inch of snow, the first of the season, fell here early Tuesday morning.

For Rent—A seven room house on Main street. Inquire of Joseph Savage.

Don't forget I have the best 50 cent underwear on the market. Chase Webb.

Mrs. George Webb and daughter Libbie were Chicago passengers Tuesday morning.

For Rent—A house and garden at Lion Lake. Inquire of Fred Rhymer at Lion Lake.

Mrs. Mary Grice is spending some time at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Bryant at Elgin.

For Sale—The Minnie Huber property on North Main street, Antioch, Ill. Inquire of L. B. Grice.

The Ladies Aid will hold their sale and bazaar the 6th of December. The sale of articles will begin at three o'clock.

The President has settled the question as to what day shall be set aside as Thanksgiving day, and has named Thursday, November 30.

Write to Alden, Biding & Co., Waukegan, Ill., for prices and terms on new and used pianos and organs.

Dr. and Mrs. E. H. Ames have been visiting in Waukegan the past week, the guests of their son and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Ames.

New and second hand pianos and sewing machines for sale or rent, or will trade for horses. L. B. Grice.

George Gollwitzer returned Sunday evening from his two months' trip in the old country, and reports having had a fine time.

Mr. Harlow Barber is quite sick at his home on Main street, threatened with pneumonia. His many friends hope to see him out again soon.

Mr. and Mrs. Alvin Vickers and children returned home the latter part of last week, from a two months visit with relatives at Chetek, Wis.

The Antioch Hillside Cemetery society will hold its next regular meeting at the home of Mrs. Libbie King on Wednesday afternoon November 15.

I have just received a car of northern Michigan potatoes, the finest that Michigan has, and will sell them at 90 cents per bushel. No decayed ones. D. Sugar, Lake Villa.

Senator A. N. Tiffany left on Tuesday morning with a party from Chicago for Eagle river in northern Wisconsin where they will hunt deer as soon as the season opens.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Lynch are spending a few days visiting relatives at Fond du Lac, Wis., where they attended the wedding of Mr. Lynch's brother on Tuesday evening.

Why get your glasses of parties who know practically nothing about sitting eyes, when you can get the services of a graduate optician for the same price? At Beswick's Fridays and Saturdays.

Jay Graham, Frank Stanton, Thomas Graham and George Ronoham attended a shoot at Sharon, Wis., recently and returned with a little more than their share of the honors. Jay Graham carried off first honors and high coverage while Stanton stood second to him. Competition was close and a number of crack shots in attendance, but the Lake county marksmen easily held them in hand.

Up-to-date overcoats at Chase Webb's. Born to Mr. and Mrs. Nels Nelson on Monday, Nov. 6, a boy.

Frank Chinn was an over Sunday visitor with Kenosha relatives.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Chris Sorenson on Friday October 27, a girl.

Birch and maple cord wood and pine slabs for sale at Barker Lumber Co. 111st

Mrs. Boylan spent the latter part of last week with friends in Chicago.

For Sale—a comparatively new safe. Inquire of J. McMahon, Lake Villa, 501st

Mr. and Mrs. Olson are now occupying their new home which they recently built on Victoria street.

Bring in your apples and have them made into cider. Our mill is now located north of the lumber yard. Palmer Bros., Antioch.

Norris Proctor has purchased of D. A. Williams a lot on the west side of north Main street and will erect a house thereon in the spring.

We are informed that Louis Forbrich in thirteen and three-quarter days husked eight hundred and forty-six bushels of corn. This is certainly going some.

Beswick does not fit your eyes with glasses by guess, but he has all the latest testing methods and apparatus and can do the job right. At Antioch each Friday and Saturday.

Charles Lux has sold his hotel to Barney Naber who will take possession the first of December. The many friends of Mr. and Mrs. Lux hope they may decide to still make their home in Antioch.

Until further notice Beswick's photo studio will be open each and every Friday and Saturday. C. A. Beswick will personally attend to all photo work and will also examine eyes for glasses.

Charlie Powles has severed his connection with the firm of Brompton & Shultis on Tuesday of this week. He will be missed from the old stand where he has carved meat for many years, and we hope his family will not leave Antioch where they have so many friends who would miss them should they decide to go elsewhere.

J. G. and Ed. Sherman started for California last week with Hazel Patch where they are under contract for three races between Hazel Patch, the fast Wisconsin pacer, and Zoloch, the fastest horse on the Pacific Coast. These races will be in three different cities and for a thousand dollars each. The winner will get \$2100 and the loser \$900.

The days of the old blue postoffice money orders are numbered. The Postmaster General is sending out a fac-simile of a new order which is to go into use a week from next Wednesday. The new order is a great improvement over the old one in that it makes it almost impossible for it to be raised or used for any purpose other than that for which it is originally issued.

In form the new order resembles the orders issued by the various express companies. It is protected against the forger and the man who raises the order by a margin which when torn by the postmaster shows the amount of the order. The old order had no such device and it was easy for the forger to get in his work by simply changing the written figures. Added to this improvement the new order will bear the name of the sender of the money as well as the consignee. The old orders caused no end of trouble for the postmasters on this account.

The order brings added work for the men employed in the postoffice as it is much more complicated. The order must be stamped four times and added to this work there is a coupon attached which will bring up the amount of red tape in the office quite a little.

The order has all the advantages of the former order and it may be used as a savings bank in that the order may be assigned to the maker and in this way serve as a safe depository for the funds of workmen who have not sufficient money to make a bank account a profitable investment.

Excursions to the South.

Special round trip home-seekers' excursions to the southwest, Texas, Oklahoma, Missouri, Arkansas, and Indian Territory. Nov. 7 and 21, Dec. 5 and 19. Seventy-five percent of the one way rate for round trip. Stopovers will be allowed going and returning. For further particulars call on Geo. E. Webb, Antioch.

Notice.

Tiffany & Book have a number of sulky plows of different makes which they will dispose of at a sacrifice.

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A NARROW ESCAPE

Mrs. Schaffert, of Waukegan, Suffers Terrible Burns From Fire

A CANDLE SETS FIRE TO HER WAIST

Woman Rushes Out Into Street With the Flames Eating Her Flesh Until a Man Came to Her Rescue

Mrs. Mary Schaffert, of North Geneseo street, was horribly burned Monday night at 7 o'clock as the result of having her clothes catch fire from the flame of a candle.

Mrs. Schaffert is the wife of A. C. Schaffert, the N. Geneseo street tailor. She went to telephone to Conductor Lane's wife on some little matter and not knowing the number of the telephone she took to the front room in which the instrument is set a candle, by the light of which to look in the directory.

The telephone is a wall instrument, and Mrs. Schaffert set the candle down on the little shelf that held the instrument, found the number, and called up Mrs. Lane.

The candle was on the edge of the shelf and in talking into the telephone Mrs. Schaffert approached too near the tiny flame, which set fire to her waist. She did not notice this at first and has stated that the flames were at her throat when she first felt them.

The lane's were startled by a quick gasp and then Mrs. Schaffert hung up the receiver and ran for the outer air. Screaming fire and shrieking with the pain that the flames gave her as they ate into her flesh, she ran down the stairs and into Seifert's saloon. Here accounts differ. It is said that men in the saloon pushed her out again when they saw she was aflame. Mrs. Schaffert says that as no one aided her she went out into the street.

Here was a group of "hangers on" who got badly rattled so that they were unable to do anything for the lady, who was by this time enveloped with sheets of flames. Some one shouted "throw a coat over her" and hardly was this uttered than with a rare presence of mind Theodore "Dunn" yanked off his overcoat and wrapped the woman in it, smothering the fire and beating at it with his hands. He, with Chief Swanbrough and R. C. Huntington then led the woman upstairs and a little later Dr. Buckley Ogden arrived. The burns were found to be frightful ones, and extended all over the chest and sides. Her hands, neck and face were also burned and her hair was scorched. Dr. Ogden stated that although the burns are severe, Mrs. Schaffert will recover.

It is supposed that the coming out into the open air made the fire in the woman's draperies rage the more furiously. She was alone in the house, her husband having just left.

Later—Mrs. Schaffert died Tuesday at the McAllister hospital.

"What Shall We Eat?"

Every day the same old question, what shall we eat for breakfast, for luncheon, for dinner? assaults with monotonous regularity the patient housewife who seeks to provide good living for the family in agreeable variety and at a moderate cost. There is a daily department in the Chicago Record-Herald which is intended to answer this question satisfactorily every day in the year. It is entitled "Meals for a Day" and provides menus for the three meals every day, with the necessary recipes.

These menus and recipes are carefully selected by The Record-Herald's household editor, and cash prizes are awarded for the best that are received. Housewives everywhere are invited to participate in the competition. For full particulars see the "Meals for a Day" Department in The Chicago Record-Herald.

Politeness Carried Too Far.

The gentleman of the east feels bound out of politeness, to give one the answer that will prove most agreeable. An English motor car enthusiast who attempted recently to tour through northern India gives this as an example of the difficulty of obtaining route information from intelligent natives by repeated inquiries:

"Is it far to Gligit?"

"Not so far, your highness."

"One or two kos?"

"Yes, your highness."

"Isn't it three?"

"It may be, your highness."

"Is that what it is?"

"It may be five or six, your highness."

"Then, why did you say it was one or two?"

"To please your highness."

"Now, what is the real distance?"

"Whatever your highness pleases."

Exchange Screenings.

The Brethren Publishing company of Elgin will soon begin the erection of a new \$30,000 plant in that city.

Harley Cooley, employed on a farm near Big Foot, husked 130 bushels of corn in shock one day last week.

A sister of Marx, the car barn bandit, was sent to the asylum at Dunning one day recently. Brooding over her brother's disgrace and his awful fate on the gallows was responsible for the loss of her reason.

The milk dealers of Nunda and Crystal Lake, owing to the high price of labor and feed, have found it necessary to advance the price of milk a little. They will not raise to the price of many other towns, but on November 1 charged one-half cent per quart more, making the price 5 1/2 cents, or fifteen instead of twenty tickets for \$1.

It would be just as well for the hunters to beware of what they do in regard to when the hunting season for quail opens as some of the papers have advised that it was Nov. 1. This is not true, and if it is acted upon the hunter is very apt to get into trouble. The date is Nov. 10, and will continue until Dec. 20.

The county clerk is in receipt of a number of copies of the new primary law for free distribution. The little book contains the salient points of the new law and will prove a most convenient reference book when disputes arise or a doubt is raised. The book contains all the information necessary for the average citizen interested in the proceedings of primaries and conventions and will assist materially in acquainting politicians and the people generally as to the working of the new law.

A loafer on the street whose wife was probably at home getting out a neighbor's washing to make money to buy the children's shoes, asked a busy man one day if he ever saw a bald headed woman. "No, I never did," replied the busy man, "and I never saw a woman walking around town in her shirt sleeves with a cigar in her teeth and running into every saloon she saw. Neither did I ever see a woman sitting all day at a street corner on a dry goods box telling the people how the secretary of the treasury should run the national finances. I have never seen a woman go fishing with a bottle in her pocket, sitting on the bank all day and go home drunk at night, nor have I seen a woman yank off her coat and say she would lick any man in. God bless us, the women are not built that way."

A number of Racine residents made a request of Judge Belden that they be allowed to sit on the jury at the November term of the circuit court, last week in order to get the rate of \$3 per day which is now being paid. The judge politely notified them that they were each liable according to law to a fine of \$2. for making such a request. The judge or clerk of the court do not select jurors. The jury commissioners, a non-political body select 150 names which are placed in a box and from these are drawn thirty-six names by the clerk of the court and these names are placed on the jury list. No one knows what names are to be drawn until the commissioners meet with the clerks and slips bearing a name are drawn and registered.

Live Stock Show is Postponed.

The International Live Stock Exposition to be held at the Union Stock Yards, Chicago, has been postponed until Dec. 16 to 23, through inability of the builders to secure the structural steel for the large, new amphitheatre on time.

All the events pertaining to the exposition will be held on the days of week corresponding to those arranged the previous advertised week. This change in date will no doubt make the attendance a great deal easier to a number of people who could not leave home for the previous date. No better beginning of the Holiday week could be made than spending this week at the exposition. The magnitude of the building will impress all and the delay appreciated.

Recipe for a World.

Take one man, a woman and a garden. Add an apple and a good fresh snake. Stir gently until the pot begins to boil, then drain off the apple and keep adding children. Simmer on a slow fire, then put on ice. Alternate between the two extremes, giving the whole a good, sound basting when needed, turning slowly in a proper space. Keep adding time until the mass is of the consistency of a mud pie covered with ants. Multiply the inhabitants and garnish with villages, towns, cities and empires. Now introduce a little theology and enough devil sauce to spice. Keep adding battle, murder, sudden death and a good layer of cant. Put plenty of salt in the water and sprinkle with bad society. When your world is finished throw it in the fire and begin all over again.—Leasburg Buckeye.

CAR TO RUN DEC. 1

By December First Electric Car Will Run From Milwaukee to Chicago

BEGIN FOX LAKE LINE WITHIN YEAR

President Frost Completes all Plans for the Beginning of the Road West to the Fox Lake Regions

By the end of this week the old plan of an electric railway between Milwaukee and Chicago will have been realized. The workmen of the Chicago & Milwaukee Electric Company Tuesday morning began the work of laying the last section of track between Kenosha and Zion City. Less than a mile of track remains to be laid and the grading has all been completed.

It is announced that the track will be completed on next Saturday night and that the line will be opened for traffic on Dec. 1. While it is the purpose of the Chicago & Milwaukee company to extend the line directly from Kenosha to Milwaukee, it is thought that track will be laid north of Kenosha during the present year.

The line between Kenosha and Waukegan is being double-tracked and arrangements are being made to run the cars at a high rate of speed between the cities. In Kenosha a connection is being built from the city to the station of the Chicago & Milwaukee line and it is stated that this will be completed in three weeks.

Beginning with December 1, it will be possible to make the trip from Milwaukee to Chicago by trolley. The lines are not under one management, but the Milwaukee, Racine and Kenosha line extends from Milwaukee to Kenosha and connects with the Kenosha Electric Railway. This line connects with the Chicago & Milwaukee Electric, which lands passengers in the very heart of Chicago.

It is claimed that the time for the journey will be but an hour longer between Chicago and Milwaukee than on the steam road. The company has let contracts for the erection of a \$25,000 station at Zion City.

Kenosha is planning to have a great celebration in honor of the opening of the new line, when hundreds of visitors from surrounding cities will be the guests of the citizens of that city and A. C. Frost.

Racine first, Fox Lake next is the slogan which the C. & M. E. R. R. is raising, according to well grounded reports.

Of course they are extremely hard at work trying to reach Milwaukee, and all the present effort is being expended in getting a right of way between Kenosha and Racine. Once this is completed, all the attention of the officials will be devoted to the Fox Lake and Western project.

It is thought likely that within a year proceedings will be instituted to secure the right of way to the western lakes.

Why the Tenor Was Fined.

The late Judge ("Bluff") Hall of Chicago took great delight in telling the following story of "Punch" Wheeler.

Wheeler, at that time the advance agent of a minstrel company, had returned to New York before the close of the theatrical season, and a friend, meeting him on Broadway, asked him how he had found business.

"Very bad," said "Punch;" "so bad that the only way we could pay the members of the troupe was to fine them. It worked splendidly, too; and by the time we reached Texas the manager had squared up with the whole company excepting the first tenor, who was such a proper chap that there was no chance to find fault with his actions. At Galveston Mr. Tenor sang for his solo 'The Lighthouse by the Sea,' and for an encore responded with 'Over the Hills to the Poorhouse.' That gave the boss the opportunity he was looking for and he levied on the songster's salary for the entire amount—first, for telling the business we were playing to, and second, for giving away the route of the show."—Judge.

Word to the Wife.

After a swing around the circle the happy couple had settled down in a cozy flat.

One morning as she took her customary place at the breakfast table the bride placed a large revolver by the side of her plate.

"Why, my dear," stammered the astonished husband, "what does that mean?"

"It means, George," replied her bridegroom, "that we have biscuits of my own construction for breakfast and that no adverse criticism will be tolerated."

ORATORY HAS TO BE PAID FOR.

The Money Value of Noise and Silence in Parliament.

A Belgian statistician has amused himself by calculating the cost to the country of parliamentary oratory, and that of noise, and even of silence in parliament, for, according to him, each second of a sitting costs the same amount, and silence is paid for, during the sittings, as dearly as speech, says the Philadelphia Ledger. He calculates that each hour of the sittings of the Belgian chamber costs 7,286 francs, each minute 121.43 francs and each second something more than 2 francs. Starting from this basis he calculates that the words of the president at the opening of each sitting, "Gentlemen, the sitting has commenced," costs about 5 francs. A laugh, for which, when uttered in his presence, he could find no reason, was timed by him to cost 6 francs 10 centimes. "Marks of approval on many benches" cost as much as 22 or 23; a suitably "prolonged movement" cannot be produced at less than 18 or 25 francs. "Ironical cheers at the left" are exceedingly costly, while "loud approval at the right" runs to a price beyond all reason. He notes that a few days ago the applause from the government benches at the end of a speech of the railway minister cost exactly 65 francs 45 centimes, and that a sitting of three hours, which was occupied by three indifferent speakers, cost 28,679.50 francs, or close on to £1,000. Patti could be heard in Brussels for such a sum, he declares; or grand opera, claque and all, be had for less!

Palma's Son Takes Up Railroad.

Jose Estrada Palma, son of President Palma of Cuba, is making a practical study of the railroad business. Some time ago he went to Mexico and obtained a position as clerk in the auditing department of the National railroad of Mexico. He performed his work so faithfully and well that he was recently promoted to the position of assistant city ticket agent of that road in the City of Mexico.

MEN IN PERIL ON REEF HOUSE

With no means of communication with the shore, but three miles distance, fifteen men employed on the construction work of the new lighthouse on Racine reef, fought for ten hours one day last week the angry waves of old Lake Michigan, which, lashed to fury by the terrific gale that swept the lake, threatened the frail frame structure in which they are living and compelled to seek shelter in the large basins of the center of the reef. The men were drenched by the water as it broke over the structure. At times it seemed as if they would drown like so many rats in a hole, the portholes in the basin failing to carry off the water as fast as it was washed in, and during all the time the men stood in from six inches to three feet of water.

In order to facilitate the work of erecting the superstructure and place the living apartment of the men as far out of the way as possible the house in which the men lived had been built so it projected over the south side of the foundation a distance of six feet. On the occasion of previous storms some water had washed into it, but not to an extent to cause any apprehensions, but this storm was from the southeast and it was seen early in the afternoon that if the blow continued trouble could be expected. Shortly after four o'clock, as the men were gathered in the house awaiting a cessation in the storm that prevented work of any kind, a huge wave struck the frail building, completely wrecking it. The floor was torn up, the walls smashed in and the building split completely in two. The door was on the entrance side of the building and the men were compelled to dive through a window to save their lives.

AUCTION SALE.

Having rented my farm, I will sell at public auction at my place, formerly known as the Haines farm, 2 miles north-west of Gurnee, on Thursday, Nov. 10, 1905, commencing at 1 p. m. the following property: 31 well bred yearling steers, 2 two year old steers, 4 well bred calves, 4 brood mares with foal, all heavy weights and fine mares 3 yearling colts, 4 sucking colts, all from the above mares, 6 brood sows, 58 shoats, thorough bred Chester White boar, Poland China boar, Milwaukee grain harvester, nearly new, Deering corn harvester, nearly new, grain sacks and tools, Sulky plow with stubble and sod bottoms, also extra shears, 3 walking plows, 2 cultivators, pulverizer, 3 drags, 1 mowing machine, 1 check row corn planter, 3 wagons, two of them rigged for hauling silo corn, bob sled set of harness, about 25 tons of hay, 25 acres corn in shock, large stack of straw, 800 bu. oats, 85 bu. wheat, Urali horses. H. O. Lincoln, Prop. Geo. Vogel, Auctioneer.

The Antioch News.

A. B. JOHNSON, Publisher

ANTIOCH, ILLINOIS.

CIRCLING THE GLOBE

Rev. Ingham N. W. Irvine, formerly rector of St. John's Episcopal church of Huntington, Pa., who was unfrocked by Bishop Talbot, has been ordained as a priest of the holy orthodox Greek church at the Cathedral of St. Nicholas in New York.

Clarence Von Bokelen, a young student of the Santa Clara (Cal.) high school, is dead at a local sanitarium from the effects of a crushed skull, which injury he received during a football game between the Santa Clara and San Jose high schools.

A St. Paul paper announces that Walter G. Tubby, of St. Paul, has been appointed superintendent of construction of the Panama canal by John F. Stevens, chief engineer in charge of the work. Mr. Tubby is general storekeeper of the Great Northern Railway.

William Leisure, aged 40 years, was murdered at his country home fifteen miles east of Caldwell, Ohio. When found by the family upon their return home from church the murdered man was seated in a rocking chair with a bullet hole in the back of his head, evidently having been shot from outside of the house. There is no clue to the murderer.

The Franklin County tax inquisitor law is unconstitutional, according to a decision of the Circuit Court in Columbus, Ohio, holding the law to be special legislation and therefore unconstitutional and invalid. The \$36,000 to which Mr. Gilliland claims to have been entitled under the collection of \$100,000 of back taxes recently from insurance companies is enjoined.

Luke Howard, of Columbus, Ohio, was fatally injured at Sellville, near there, while looping the gap in an automobile. Howard has been experimenting for several months and his feat of guiding the automobile, which ran down an incline and turned completely over in leaping a gap between the incline and a platform, was successfully accomplished a number of times.

Albert H. Darwin, a prisoner at the county jail in Cleveland, charged with the murder of Mrs. Anna Gray of Joliet, Ill., committed suicide in his cell by hanging. Darwin eloped with Mrs. Gray from Joliet several months ago, the couple going to Akron, Ohio. Later they came to Cleveland. When the woman decided to return to her husband and children she was shot and killed by Darwin.

Three children of Treasurer Frei Jackson, of Cook County, Minnesota, owe their lives to the heroic bravery of their 10-year-old brother Archibald who, when fire enveloped the Jackson home at Grand Marais at midnight, carried the younger children out of the flaming structure to safety at great peril to his own life. Mr. and Mrs. Jackson had gone to a party, leaving their four children prepared for bed. Archibald, aged 10 years, is the oldest child and the youngest is a baby a year old.

The members of the isthmian canal board expect to take up and consider reports of plans for a lock canal at their next meeting. Some astonishing figures illustrative of the magnitude of this undertaking have developed in the course of the work on plans. One of the series of locks required will be made up of compartments aggregating in length 3,000 feet, or more than two-thirds of a mile, and each lock must be 300 feet broad. The board estimates that at least seven years' time will be occupied in the construction of these locks.

NEWS NUGGETS.

The southern cotton planters are uneasy on account of the scarcity of labor and are planning a big importation of Italians.

The United States Supreme Court upheld the constitutionality of the Missouri law providing an eight-hour day for men employed in mines.

In a series of automobile accidents in Los Angeles during twenty-four hours one person was killed, one was perhaps fatally injured and six others were hurt.

J. J. Hill has closed his deal for the purchase of the Missouri, Kansas and Texas Railroad, according to St. Louis financiers and brokers who are entitled to speak with authority.

Lieutenant General Adna R. Chaffee, chief of staff of the United States Army, may retire Jan. 1 and be succeeded by Major General John C. Bates, now assistant chief of staff.

Washington J. Quiggle, private secretary to Thomas F. Walsh, of Washington, shot and probably fatally wounded his wife, and then shot himself in the heart, dying instantly. Quiggle was 35 years old.

Milton F. Andrews, slayer of Bessie Bontin in Colorado and attempted murderer of an Australian turfman, driven to bay by the police, killed his woman companion in San Francisco and ended his own life.

Dr. Abisha Hudson, 86 years old, died in Mount Vernon, Ohio. He choked to death on a fig. He founded Keokuk Medical College and contributed much to medical science. He was known widely over the country.

O. V. Van Dusen, appointed by President Roosevelt to look into naturalization frauds, reports that from 15 to 35 per cent of those admitted to citizenship are not entitled to it, and declares labor conditions are largely responsible.

Wives of thousands of unemployed laborers who are destitute and facing starvation marched the streets of London and presented to Premier Balfour a demand for work for their husbands. Revolutionary speeches were made at a mass meeting.

Midshipman James R. Branch, son of James B. Branch, of the Hanover Bank of New York City, is in a dangerous condition from injuries believed to have been received in a fist fight with another midshipman in Annapolis. An injury to the brain paralyzed the left side of his body.

PRESIDENT IN PROCLAMATION SETS NOV. 30 AS THANKSGIVING DAY.

The President has issued his proclamation setting Thursday, Nov. 30 next, as a day for thanksgiving, as follows: By the President of the United States of America—A Proclamation:

When nearly three centuries ago the first settlers came to the country which has now become this great republic, they brought not only hardship and privation, but terrible risk to their lives. In those grim years the custom grew of setting apart one day in each year for a special service of thanksgiving to the Almighty for preserving the people through the changing seasons. The custom has now become national and hallowed by memorial usage. We live in easier and more plentiful times than our forefathers, the men who with rugged strength faced the rugged days; and yet the dangers to national life are quite as great now as at any previous time in our history. It is eminently fitting that once a year our people should set apart a day for praise and thanksgiving to the giver of good, and, at the same time, that they express their thankfulness for the abundant mercies received, should manfully acknowledge their shortcomings and pledge



PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT.

themselves solemnly and in good faith to strive to overcome them. During the past year we have been blessed with bountiful crops. Our business prosperity has been great. No other people has ever stood on as high a level of material well-being as ours now stands. We are not threatened by foes from without. The foes from whom we should pray to be delivered are our own passions, appetites and follies; and against these there is always need that we should war.

Therefore I now set apart Thursday, the 30th day of this November, as a day of thanksgiving for the past and for prayer for the future, and on that day I ask that throughout the land the people gather in their homes and places of worship, and in rendering thanks unto the Most High for the manifold blessings of the past year, consecrate themselves to a life of cleanliness, honor and wisdom, so that this nation may do its allotted work on the earth in a manner worthy of those who founded it and of those who preserved it.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the City of Washington this 29th day of November in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and five and of the Independence of the United States the one hundred and thirtieth.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.
By the President:
ELIHU ROOT, Secretary of State.



The Grand Army has been granted a rate of 1 cent a mile for the next annual convention, to be held in St. Paul, from all points in Western Passenger Association territory, except stations within a radius of 150 miles.

Appropriations amounting to \$18,000,000 have been made by the Erie road to put its roadbed into as good physical condition as that of any other railroad in the world. The expenditure of this large amount already has begun. Total expenditures for new equipment this year have amounted to \$15,000,000.

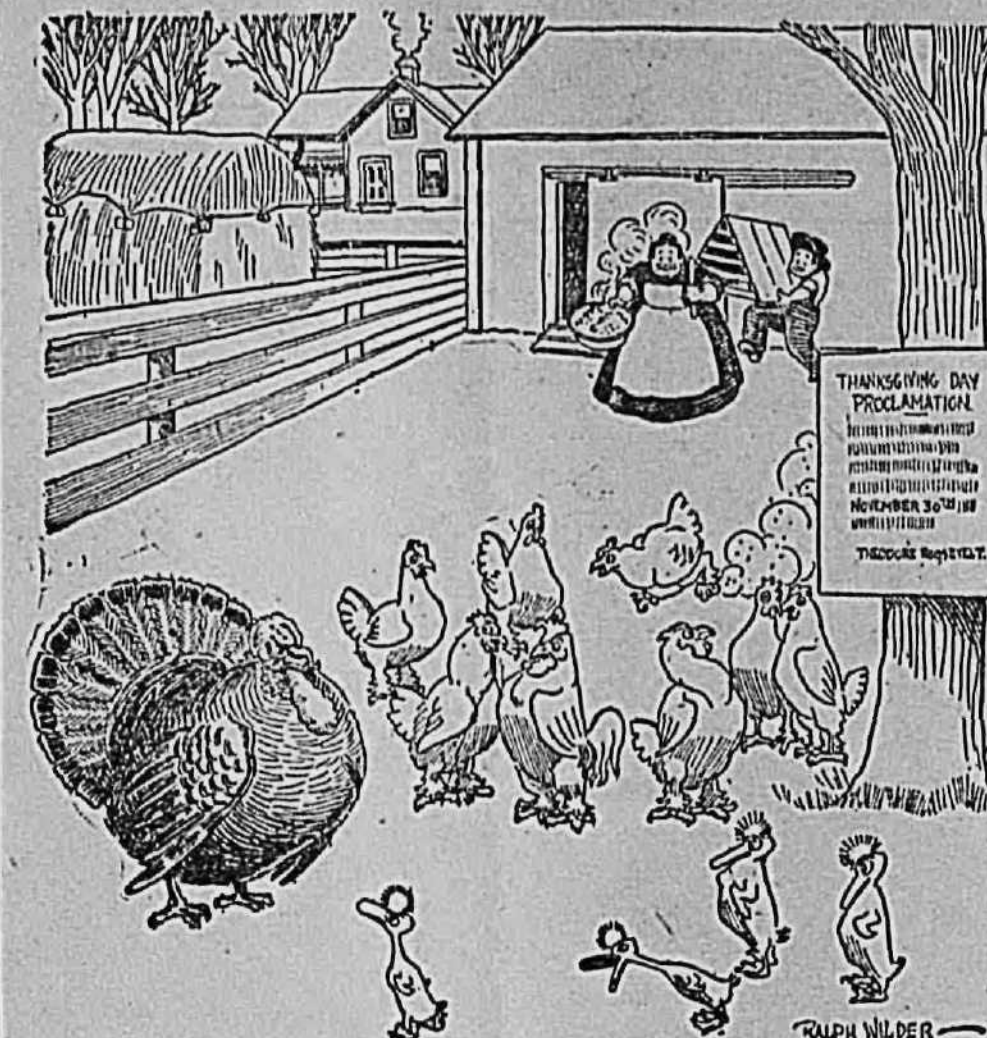
"Millions for improvement" is the watchword of the New York Central lines for the coming year. Not only will the work of building new cutoffs and spurs be continued but the main tracks of the entire system are to be relaid with 100 and 90-pound rails, and even the side tracks will be laid with 85-pound rails, so that by the end of 1906 there will not be a lighter rail on the whole system.

The Western Passenger Association is considering the advisability of making important changes in the rules governing the transportation of baggage. At present it is sought to limit the liability to \$100. It is now proposed to retain this limit, but to legalize it by giving the passenger the privilege of declaring more value at the time of checking. In that event it is likely a sliding scale of rates will be provided which will in effect make the railroad company an insurer of the property.

The New York Central railroad has placed orders with several manufacturing companies for a total of 25,000 freight cars, calling for the expenditure of about \$25,000,000. This is the largest order for equipment ever placed by a railroad in this country.

Sales of town lots for the new town of Shoshone, at the edge of the Wind River reservation on the new line of the Chicago and Northwestern railway, have been unprecedented. Buyers evidently figure on the growth of a city there when the Indian reservation is thrown open next June.

"ALAS! OUR POOR BROTHER."



—Chicago Record-Herald.

BARBARITIES BY MOBS.

Revolting Cruelties Perpetrated During Slaughter of Odessa Jews.

The casualties in Odessa during Saturday's disturbances exceed 140, and those of the preceding three days, which have been verified, number 5,600. The plundering continued early Sunday morning in the outlying districts, but the city was relatively calm.

The latest accounts of the devastation in the Jewish quarter add horror to the situation. Besides numerous mills, all the bakeries, shops and nearly 600 homes have been destroyed. The Jews killed in every circumstance were treated with revolting barbarity. Heads were battered with hammers, nails were driven into the bodies, eyes were gouged out and ears severed, and in some cases petroleum was poured over the sick found hiding in cellars and they were burned.

It is alleged that the police and soldiers everywhere marched at the head of mobs, inciting them to destroy the Jews by crying: "The Jews have killed our emperor!" and similar expressions. While the mobs were engaged in the slaughter the soldiers busied themselves stealing money and jewels.

The police prevented any one from arresting the looters and hindered also the Red Cross workers from aiding the wounded, actually firing upon those engaged in the work. A band of students removed much of the stolen property to the university, while they also took twelve bodies of anti-Jewish demonstrators, whose relatives to-day besieged the university, claiming the corpses and demanding the release of those demonstrators who were confined in the university. They threatened otherwise to burn the university and kill the professors.

Disorder in southern Russia subsided Saturday and Finland became the center of interest with the announcement from St. Petersburg that her

SELF GOVERNMENT IN RUSSIA.



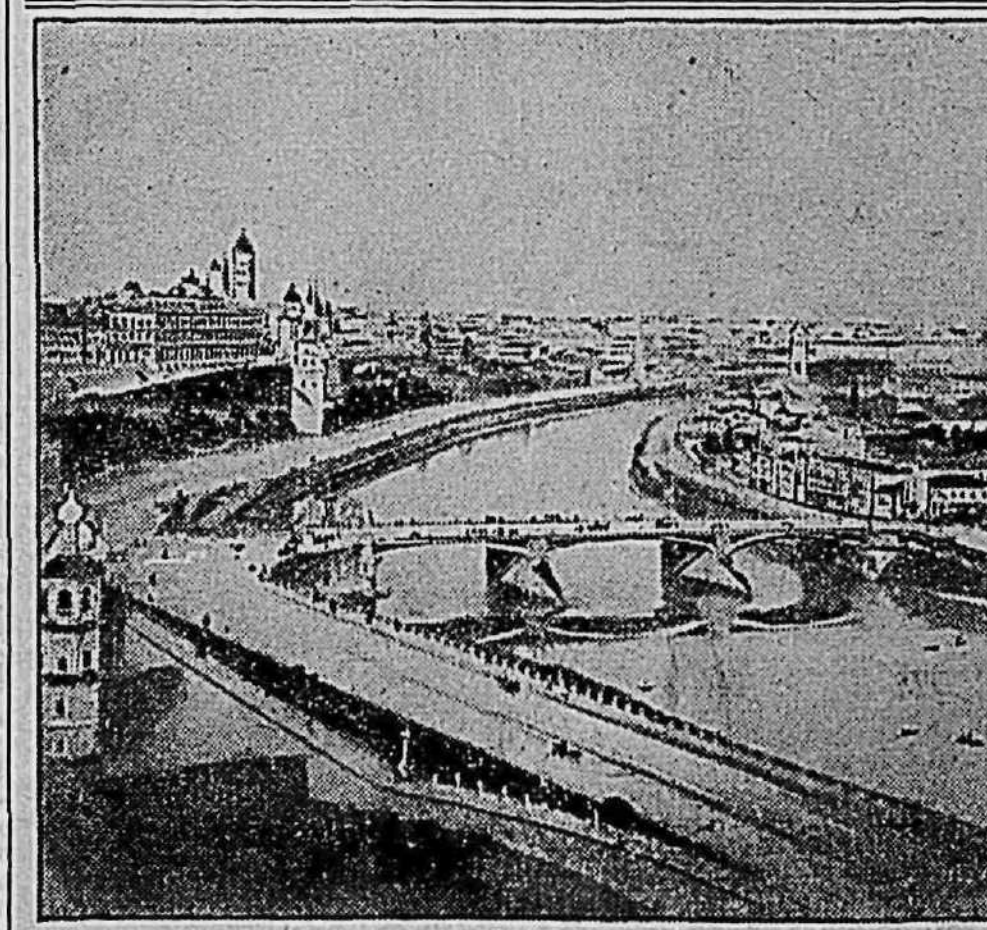
THOUSANDS SLAIN IN ODESSA.

Horror Stopped by Martial Law and Dismaying 5,000 Russians.

After forty-eight hours of almost indescribable anarchy and bloodshed the troops in Odessa late Thursday evening succeeded in clearing the streets of the mobs and a semblance of order was restored.

Within three hours of the declaration of martial law which came to the unspeakable relief of peaceable citizens, no fewer than 5,000 ruffianly loyalists had been disarmed by the students and the military. How some 50,000 artless rowdies became possessed of revolvers and an abundance of cartridges is a question requiring solution.

A rigorous curfew law has been proclaimed and is welcomed as a deliverance from the terrors of the last few days. Any one in the streets after midnight is liable to arrest; any one appearing at open windows or on balconies risks being shot without warning. It is believed that 5,000 persons were



PANORAMIC VIEW OF MOSCOW.

fight for autonomous constitutional government had been won. An edict granting the demands of the constitutionalists was signed by the Emperor Saturday night. Meanwhile conditions in the grand duchy are serious, the general strike continuing and disaffection in the army spreading, and it is probable that but for the prompt granting of concessions in St. Petersburg and the hurrying of 10,000 troops to Helsingfors Friday the Finns would have been near their goal of independence.

A report via Berlin says 800 peasants were burned to death in the Russian village of Jedozovgrad, province of the Don, through the firing by Cosacks of a shed in which they were holding a political meeting. Peasants to the number of 1,000 had gathered in the shed to discuss the situation in Russia. The prefect was unable to suppress the meeting and gave his approval to the firing of the building. The whole structure was ablaze in a moment after the torches were applied.

killed or wounded in Odessa on Tuesday and Wednesday. The principal sufferers were the Jews. The demonstration seemed to be directed solely at them.

The funeral in Moscow of Reformer Nicholas Baumann, who was shot in the riots, was an imposing demonstration. Nearly 300,000 persons, bearing many red flags and accompanied by a trained choir of 300 voices singing the "Marseillaise," marched to the Dorgozlova cemetery, ten miles from the city, with the body. The demonstration lasted until far into the night.

The Indemnity Savings and Loan Company of Cleveland, Ohio, which recently passed into the hands of a receiver, was reported in court as owing \$805,320 to its 3,000 depositors. Of this \$308,789 is due at once, and the company has only \$140,213 on hand to meet the claims.

Mrs. Mary Thacker, widow of William Thacker, brought suit against George Gordon and other citizens of Flemingburg, Ky., for \$50,000 damages for lynching her husband, who had been indicted for killing the son of Gordon.

DEMAND POWER TO MAKE RATES

Interstate Commerce Convention Finds No Other Remedy for Existing Evils. Out of the clash between opposing delegates to the interstate commerce law convention, in Chicago, which was factually divided, there developed two distinctive platforms relating to railroad rate legislation.

The "regular" convention, champion of the utterances of President Roosevelt, embodied in a resolution the ideas of the chief executive regarding regulation of railroad rates and determined to urge upon Congress the enactment of legislation which will give power to the Interstate Commerce Commission to regulate unjust or discriminating rates.

The so-called "rump" convention, headed by David M. Parry, of Indianapolis, and made up of men who refused to pledge themselves to the Roosevelt plan, adopted resolutions admitting the existence of railroad rate evils, calling upon Congress to enforce existing laws against violations of the same and to provide necessary legislation, but emphatically protesting against the investiture of authority upon any appointive body such as the Interstate Commerce Commission.

The second day's session of the Interstate Commerce Law convention considered resolutions setting forth its approval of President Roosevelt and urging broad legislation. Speeches were made by many denouncing the railroad and trust magnates, and urging that transportation facilities be restored to the control of the people.

Noyes Kendall of Colorado says the railroads have converted Denver into a "one-lung hospital and globe-trotters' station." He urged immediate action in the rate question, making the assertion that Denver's industries had been ruined by railroad discrimination in favor of other points.

Delegate J. D. Doherty won applause by denouncing the Senate as a "most obstinate body before which the question must go." Chairman J. H. McCall of Los Angeles, of the resolution committee, submitted his report, and said:

"The control of interstate commerce to-day is in a dozen corporations. These corporations are controlled by a dozen men. This power should be restored to the people."

Ex-Governor Vansant of Minnesota characterized the "bolters" as "goats," and called the attention of the delegates to the unanimity of the country on the rate question. McCall cited decisions to the effect that the empowering of the Interstate Commerce Commission to regulate rates is constitutional, one of the rights of government.

After much discussion a report was submitted by McCall agreeing with President Roosevelt that the only consistent and effective method for the supervision of railroad rates, classifications and practices is by amending the interstate commerce act so as to provide that the "Interstate Commerce Commission should be vested with power, where a given rate has been challenged and after full hearing found to be unreasonable, to decide, subject to judicial review, what shall be a reasonable rate to take its place, the ruling of the commission to take effect immediately, and to obtain unless and until it is reversed by the court of review." It was adopted. A fund of \$7,000 was subscribed to further the work of the convention.

A summary of the platform adopted by the convention which stood by the demand of E. P. Bacon, of Milwaukee, chairman of the Interstate Commerce Law League, that President Roosevelt's position be unqualifiedly supported, was as follows:

Congratulations to President Roosevelt for his stand relating to rate legislation, commendation to the House of Representatives for co-operating with the President, and urging that the interstate commerce commission be vested with power to fix substitute rates for any railroad rates successfully challenged, said rates to prevail until reversed by a court of review.

In the so-called "rump" convention, of which N. W. McLeod, of St. Louis, was chairman, the platform makes a declaration of unquestioned faith in the wisdom and integrity of President Roosevelt in dealing with public questions; recognition of existing evils connected with transportation interests; demands rigid enforcement of existing laws, which, if inadequate, should be amended to provide effective relief; expresses dissatisfaction with the Interstate Commerce Commission and protests against granting it additional authority.

As a result of the diametric opposition which arose among the delegates there developed the organization of a new national body to rival the Interstate Commerce Law League. The Interstate Commerce Law League reappointed E. P. Bacon of Milwaukee as chairman of the executive committee and authorized the continuance of the organization in its present form. The sum of \$10,000 was subscribed for propaganda work and a committee was appointed to visit President Roosevelt to inform him of the action of the convention.

Interesting News Items.

Secretary Taft has given out a statement declaring he will not be a candidate for President in 1908.

Ben Bennett, a white fugitive from justice, for whom a large reward was offered, has been arrested in Mecon, Ga.

The South Dakota Supreme Court has decided that the county seat of Washington county shall be at Bangor. The citizens of Shelby one night went to Bangor, tore down the old county building and carted the records off to Shelby. Bangor took the matter to court.

Boston Way.
"Tommy, I wish you would run to the butcher shop; and tell the man to send over two pounds of the same beef we had the other day."

"Yes, mother, it will afford me unwanted pleasure to do as you request," replied Tommy, as he wiped off his glasses.

"And Tommy?"

"Yes, mother."

"Be sure and tell the butcher to send dressed beef—we wouldn't dare let the neighbors see it come into the house otherwise."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Ask Your Neighbors.

Gelatt, Pa., Nov. 8.—(Special).—Mrs. H. W. Sterns, a well respected resident of Gelatt, tells in convincing words what Dodd's Kidney Pills have done for her. She says:

"I was a great sufferer from Rheumatism, caused through my kidneys being out of order. I was subject to it for years. It would take me without warning, and while the attack lasted I was so lame I could not get around. So I had to send for Dodd's Kidney Pills. I took them for three days, but didn't feel much benefit; but on the fourth day I noticed a great change, the lameness in my back was gone, and the pains I used to suffer were less. I kept on with Dodd's Kidney Pills and now I am glad to say I have no lameness or pain of any kind. I feel as if I didn't know what Rheumatism was. I shall never be without Dodd's Kidney Pills in the house, and I bless the day I first heard of them."

Autumn Wizard.
King Midas is no myth, I hold, But waits the earth, a wizard hold. Last night my maple's leaves were green As in yon vine screen, And now—each one is turned to gold! King Midas is no myth, I hold. —Emma C. Dowd in Judge.

ITCHING SCALP HUMOR.

Suffered Tortures Until Cured by Cuticura—Scratched Day and Night.

"My scalp was covered with little pimples and I suffered tortures from the itching. I was scratching all day and night, and I could get no rest. I washed my head with hot water and Cuticura Soap and then applied the Cuticura Ointment as a dressing. One box of the ointment and one cake of Cuticura Soap cured me. Now my head is entirely clear and my hair is growing splendidly. I have used Cuticura Soap ever since, and shall never be without it. (Signed) Ada C. Smith, 300 Grand street, Jersey City, N. J."

Feeling Huffy.
"Let me show you the new novel for married ladies," confided the clerk in the book store.

"Novel!" echoed the prospective customer. "Why, that is a cookbook." "No, it is a dashing, breezy novel with a cookbook cover. You see, when your husband walks in and finds you reading what's apparently a cookbook he will feel so tickled he is able to hand over the price of a new fall hat."

Wants a Holiday.
Mamma—So you want to give your dear teacher a present?

Tommy—Yes, ma; I'd like to give her some of that cheap candy like I had the other day.

"Why, Tommy, that was what made you so ill."

"Yes, ma; I know it was."—Chicago Journal.

Wise Willie.

Willie's Mamma—Why don't you answer me?

Willie—Didn't you tell me to think twice before I speak?

Willie's Mamma—Yes.

Willie—Well, first I thought I would answer you, and then I thought I wouldn't.—Philadelphia Press.

OLD-FASHIONED FARE

Hot Biscuit, Griddle-Cakes, Pies and Puddings.

The food that made the fathers strong is sometimes unfit for the children under the new conditions that our changing civilization is constantly bringing in. One of Mr. Bryan's neighbors in the great State of Nebraska, writes:

"I was raised in the South, where hot biscuits, griddle-cakes, pies and puddings are eaten at almost every meal, and by the time I located in Nebraska I found myself a sufferer from indigestion and its attendant ills—distress and pains after meals, an almost constant headache, dull, heavy sleeplessness by day and sleeplessness at night, loss of flesh, impaired memory, etc., etc.

"I was rapidly becoming incapacitated for business, when a valued friend suggested a change in my diet, the abandonment of heavy, rich stuff and the use of Grape-Nuts food. I followed the good advice and shall always be thankful that I did so.

"Whatever may be the experience of others, the beneficial effects of the change were apparent in my case almost immediately. My stomach, which had rejected other food for so long, took to Grape-Nuts most kindly; in a day or two my headache was gone, I began to sleep healthfully and before a week was out the scales showed that my lost weight was coming back. My memory was restored with the renewed vigor that I felt in body and mind. For three years now Grape-Nuts food has kept me in prime condition, and I propose it shall for the rest of my days.

"And by the way, my 2½ year old baby is as fond of Grape-Nuts as I am, always insists on having it. It keeps her as healthy and hearty as they make them." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. There's a reason.

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

ILLINOIS STATE NEWS

STATE MAY CONDEMN LAND.

No Reasonable Figure Placed on Supreme Court Building Site.

The commissioners who were appointed to provide for the erection of the new Supreme Court building in Springfield are in trouble. They have decided to locate the building near the capitol and the announcement of their determination has had the effect of so increasing the value of prospective sites in the neighborhood that it is not possible to get a reasonable quotation on real estate thereabouts. "One would think," said Secretary of State Rose, "that someone had struck a gold mine in the immediate vicinity of the statehouse. I think the best thing for the commissioners to do is to give the land owners a chance to do a little prospecting and then, when they find that there is nothing more valuable under the land than the coal, perhaps we can get a reasonable quotation. If they refuse to make a reasonable price the State is not without its remedy. It has a piece of land of its own less than a block distant and, while the location is not as desirable as some others, it can build on this property." Attorney General Shaw has suggested that in the event the commissioners are unable to make terms with land owners a site be selected and that condemnation proceedings be brought. He is of the opinion that a jury will fix a reasonable price on whatever land is selected, for the public sentiment is strongly in favor of the State getting the site at a low figure. The less money spent on the land the more there will be for the building, and this is what the community is interested in. State Architect Zimmerman of Chicago is preparing an outline plan for the new building. His idea at present is a building 85x185 feet, with a commodious basement and two stories. The justices, too, favor a structure along these lines.

FINES FOR 9,000 CORPORATIONS.

State's Attorneys to Sue for Failure to Make Reports.

Suits against 9,000 corporations of Illinois will be filed by the State's attorneys of the various counties in a short time to recover fines for failing to make annual reports to the Secretary of State. The names of the delinquents have been secured by Secretary of State Rose, who will send them to the Attorney General, who in turn will notify the State's attorneys in the counties in which the corporations are located. Under the law, corporations failing to report each February to the Secretary of State, giving name, location and business, forfeit their charters, with a provision for reinstatement within one year upon the payment of \$20. Failure to file an anti-trust affidavit results in a fine of \$50 for each day of failure.

BAILEY TRUL BILL KILLED.

Judge at Peoria Holds that No Malfeasance in Office is Shown.

O. J. Bailey, chairman of the finance committee of the Peoria school board, who was involved by the defalcations of Superintendent of Schools N. C. Dougherty, and indicted by the grand jury for malfeasance in office, was given a clean bill by Judge W. L. Stemmmons, when the indictment against him was quashed. Bailey was indicted by the grand jury that put Dougherty in jail under bonds of \$100,000. The jury charged him particularly with failing to keep a close watch on the school funds which Dougherty embezzled. In making the ruling Judge Stemmmons held that the indictment was not particular enough and failed to state in what manner he had been negligent.

DECISION ON PROBATE LAW.

Supreme Court Rules that Administrators Must Be Residents.

The decision by the Supreme Court in the Mulford-Richards case, in which the court holds that a non-resident of Illinois cannot administer an estate in this State, even though named in the will, is said to be the pioneer case under this law. Mrs. Harriet Richards died in Joliet, leaving a large estate, which was disposed of by a will in which Marion Mulford of New Haven, Ohio, her brother, was named as administrator. Action was subsequently brought to restrain Mr. Mulford from conducting under the will, the contention being that he was a non-resident of Illinois. The court sustained the contention.

FIVE STORES BURN AT SIBLY.

Ford County Town Suffers from \$25,000 Blaze.

Five stores were burned out with a total loss of \$25,000 at Sibly. The buildings were occupied as follows: Stage's restaurant, Guy's saloon, the postoffice, millinery store, Fanning's meat market and Luten's drug store. When the fire was discovered it was under full headway. The greatest efforts were necessary on the part of the citizens to extinguish the flames.

GIRL'S HIGH CLIMB IS FATAL.

Young Woman of Petersburg Responds to Dare and Is Killed.

Laughingly responding to the dare of a party of girl friends to climb the iron-spiked steeple of the electric light pole at Petersburg the other evening, while returning from a social affair, Miss Florence Morner, daughter of a leading citizen, touched her hand to a live wire at the top and was hurled to the pavement below, breaking her neck. She is injured fatally.

STATE JOBS ARE DISTRIBUTED.

Chicago Man Secures Appointment as Fish Commissioner.

Gov. Deane has appointed Louis L. Lehmann of Mattoon to be trustee of the State university to succeed Congressman McKinley, resigned, and Henry Kleino of Chicago to succeed August Lenke of Springfield as fish commissioner. R. W. Elden of Kane county was named as secretary of the State highway commission.

State News in Brief.

Stephen Barker of Paw Paw has been acquitted by a jury after a trial for horse stealing.

Constantine Andrew was crushed to death under a fall of rock in the mine of the Gallatin Coal Company near Nashville.

Mrs. George Irwin, aged 81, a pioneer of Illinois, died suddenly while seated in a chair reading the Bible at her home in Kankakee.

The Illinois Druggists' Association elected the following officers: President, C. P. Gitten; treasurer, A. L. Movitt; secretary, L. Ellsbury.

Skipp Smith, who shot and killed Bolden Allen on April 18 in Senonville, has been sentenced to eighteen years in the penitentiary at Joliet.

Charles Knepper of Quincy, arrested at Newark, Ohio, for assaulting his wife at Quincy, was released on habeas corpus and left Newark at once.

Fullback Morrison of the Spartan high school eleven sustained a broken shoulder and a bad wrench of the ball and socket of the arm in a game in Nashville with the Nashville eleven.

A jury in the Whiteside County Circuit Court at Sterling awarded Mrs. Frank Foy \$2,000 for the death of her husband, who was killed in the shops of the Sterling Manufacturing Company.

J. J. Bailey, a contractor, was killed by being struck by an engine while driving across the railroad tracks at Fulton. A companion in the buggy was thrown several feet, but escaped without injury.

The thirty-second annual meeting of the Central Illinois Medical Society was held in Pana. Physicians were present from all over the State. The next meeting will be held in Pana April 26, 1906.

All officers of the Litchfield and Madison railroad have resigned and that road will hereafter be under management of the officers of the Chicago, Peoria and St. Louis railroad, of which it is a branch.

Herbert Gaebbe, by his next friend, Henry J. Gaebbe, was awarded \$1,000 damages against Dr. James McLaughlin, Sr., upon the charge of malpractice. The latter is one of the prominent physicians of Oakville.

A run on the Corn Belt Bank in Bloomington was caused by a story told by a woman who was refused payment on a worthless check drawn on the bank and given to her. The bank is in good condition financially.

Cherry, the new coal mining town on the line of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul railway, has decided to incorporate as a city. The place at present has a population of 1,000 people, three stores and nine saloons.

Oscar Lindinger, aged 12, is dead at Mason City from milk sickness, the fourth member of the family to die from the same cause within a few weeks of each other. The disease is epidemic at Arlington and at Ritchey.

An explosion occurred in the primer dryhouse of the Union Cap and Chemical Company in Alton, causing the death of Foreman Anthonie Beechy. The explosion set off 10,000,000 gun and cartridge primers and blew the stone dryhouse to pieces.

At a meeting of the presiding elders of the Illinois conference of the Methodist Episcopal church held in Springfield it was finally decided to publish the Illinois Christian Advocate, which will be the official organ of the Methodist Episcopal church in Illinois.

Jesse Wehrle, 21, and Catherine R. McCarthy, 15, both of Ramsey, secured a marriage license in St. Louis and were married later by Justice of the Peace Robt. Carroll. The couple journeyed from Illinois to wed because a State law prohibits the marriage of girls under 16 years old.

Alva Morgan, who shot and killed his uncle, Robert Moore, about two months ago, was found not guilty of murder by a Mount Vernon jury, after being out almost twenty-five hours. Morgan and his cousin, Miss Kate Hicks, had quarreled and she threw a bucket of buttermilk on him. This led to the killing, as the girl's father took up the quarrel. Morgan claimed self-defense.

An elopement in an embryonic state was quietly put aside at Deland, when the fathers of Leon Cathcart, 19, and Golda Pierson, 15, announced that they were aware of the plans of their children and had come to the conclusion that the best thing to do was to see the marriage over as quickly as possible. Accordingly the principals, with their fathers, journeyed to St. Louis, secured a license and were married by Justice of the Peace Robt. J. Carroll.

J. O. Langley, defaulting cashier of the First National Bank of Mansfield, was arrested in Champaign and taken to the technical charge of a Kansas City firm, was arrested at the same time on the technical charge of violating State bank laws. Hitchens was held to the grand jury in \$1,000 bond. It is believed Hitchens will give information of Langley's speculative deals. It is now believed the bank's shortage will reach \$40,000.

Two high school girls—sisters—met death in the midst of the whirl and roar of passing railroad trains at Western Springs. The girls were Hazel Garfield, 17 years old, and Eva Garfield, 14 years old. They were students in the La Grange high school. No one saw the girls killed and the residents of the suburb are at a loss to explain exactly how the accident happened. The trains came the sisters lay side by side on the middle of the three tracks of the Burlington railroad. They were dead, but they had not been crushed beneath the wheels. As both bodies were bruised severely and the younger girl's neck was broken, it was concluded that they had been caught by the flying cars and dragged over the ties.

CONFESSES MANY CRIMES.

Convict in Chester Prison Admits Killing Brakeman.

Detective Koch of Quincy has sent a warrant to the warden of the Chester penitentiary, charging Jas. Ryan, alias Walter Hyatt, alias Willey Stone, burglar, now serving a term for robbing a postoffice, with the murder of Andrew C. Larkins of Galesburg on May 1, 1901. Larkins was a brakeman on a Burlington freight train between Quincy and Galesburg, and in ordering six tramps out of a box car at Tennessee, was shot through the heart. On Oct. 14 Detective Koch was passing through the prison, when Ryan met him and confessed the crime. The prisoner explains his confession to so serious a charge by saying that he is wanted at Polson, Cal., and in other States for crimes for which he will be hanged, and that Pinkerton Superintendent Minister of St. Louis is only waiting for his present term to expire. He claims there is an element of self-defense in the Tennessee case which will save him.

KILLS HIS FRAT BROTHER.

Fatal Accident Ends House Party of Chicagoans at Channel Lake, Wis.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr., died in the Presbyterian hospital in Chicago from the effects of a bullet wound received at a house party for his fraternity brothers at Channel Lake, Wis. George F. Wolf, son of Chris J. Wolf, second vice president of the L. Wolf Manufacturing Company, was the innocent cause of his friend's death. He "didn't know the revolver was loaded." The boys all were members of the Omicron Kappa Pi fraternity. Holmes was a junior at Lewis Institute. He was 16 years of age and was preparing for Harvard university. The accident, say witnesses, occurred during a "little rough house" party indulged in before going to bed. Wolf picked up an old revolver, which discharged while he was handling it.

NEW HEAD FOR INSANE ASYLUM.

Chicago Man Said to Be Slated for Superintendent of Elgin Hospital.

At the meeting of the trustees of the Illinois northern hospital for the insane Robert Hew of Rockford was made president. Dr. Plumer W. Woodworth of Chicago is the other new trustee, and C. W. Marsh of De Kalb is the third member. Dr. R. O. Paul of Winnebago was appointed assistant physician at a salary of \$1,500 a year. Four Rockford men were appointed, as follows: John R. Brown as clerk, the salary of the office being increased from \$1,500 to \$1,800 a year; August Sterner, stone mason; August F. Kasper, painter; James D. Hulme, assistant supervisor. Dr. Frank Shubert of Chicago is slated to succeed Dr. F. S. Whitman as superintendent.

CHILDREN FIND MOTHER DEAD.

Little Girls Go Home from School and See Parent a Corpse.

Death greeted Helen and Winifred Handy, 7 and 6 years old respectively, when they went home the other day after leaving school at the noon intermission. They found their mother's body on the floor of the parlor in their home in Chicago, with a revolver beside it and a bullet wound, inflicted by herself, in the right temple. The woman had committed suicide because of despondency. Mrs. Handy, who was the wife of James S. Handy, an attorney, had been suffering from melancholia for two years.

Lion Attacks Little Girl.

While a large crowd of school children were pushing their way into a circus and menagerie in Galesburg a large lion on a platform suddenly sprang into the group and bore Edie Taylor, the 5-year-old daughter of C. W. Taylor of Moline, to the ground. The beast seized her first by the waist and then by the thigh, twice sending his teeth clear through the thigh and inflicting twelve wounds. The child was rescued by Lieut. John F. Hamilton of the State militia, assisted by the keeper. The child's condition is serious.

New Illinois Interurban.

The Secretary of State has issued a license to incorporate the Decatur, Sullivan and Mattoon Transit Company. The principal office is to be at Mattoon. The capital stock is nominally \$25,000. It is proposed to construct an electric railroad from Mattoon in a northwesterly direction to Decatur. The incorporators and first board of directors are R. J. Ciolek and J. H. Culver, Decatur; George B. Spitzler, Mount Zion; John R. Hamilton and Edward C. Craig, Mattoon.

Two Corporations Merged.

The People's Railway Company and the Streator Gas and Light Company, two large Streator corporations, have been merged. The recently incorporated Illinois Light and Traction Company was the purchaser. The latter corporation is capitalized at \$400,000, and in addition to extending local lines will build an interurban road connecting Streator and Ottawa. Negotiations are pending for the purchase of the street railway plant and the lighting plant at Ottawa.

Run Down by Fast Train.

The Big Four Knickerbocker train hit the wagon driven by George Dukeman in Charleston, killing him and his wife instantly and completely demolishing the rig.

Charge Fraud in Lease.

Twenty taxpayers of Paris have brought suit in the federal court to annul a lease of city property to United States Marshal Hitch, alleging the officer obtained possession through fraud.

Natural Gas Flows Strong.

Natural gas was struck at a depth of 120 feet on the S. H. Smucker farm near Tiskilwa. The pressure was so strong that stones were thrown fifty feet in the air.

MASSACRED IN A CAVE.

Missionaries at Lenchow Pursued by an Infuriated Mob.

Bishop Merel, of the Catholic Church at Hongkong, has received a letter confirming the news of the massacre of American missionaries at Lenchow and giving the following particulars:

Dr. Machle requested the removal of a street theater near by the hospital on account of the noise. This request incensed the Chinese, who becoming violent attacked the hospital. The mob then paraded the street exhibiting the skeleton used in the instruction of the medical class and alleging that it was an example of the foreigners' inhumanity to the Chinese people. Becoming frenzied, the crowd burned the hospital, the girls' school and the residences of the missionaries.

Dr. Machle, Mrs. Machle, their 10-year-old daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Pearl, Dr. Chestnut and Miss Patterson took refuge in a cave. The mob pursued them and killed all except Dr. Machle and Miss Patterson, who escaped to the yamen. Dr. Machle was badly wounded. The American gunboat Calao and two Chinese gunboats, with members of the American board of missions, proceeded to the scene of the massacre.

Advices from Canton declare that the measures taken to suppress disturbances in the provinces are inadequate and that the native officials will not give out any information on the subject.

The Catholic converts have written to Bishop Merel to petition the viceroy of the province for the protection of the French mission at Lenchow.

It is declared that the boycott headquarters at Canton received the first news of the massacre of the American missionaries at Lenchow, but the native gentry assert that the boycotters are not connected with the slaughter.

TRIBUTE TO MORTON.

Ex-President Cleveland Eulogizes His Secretary of Agriculture.

In the presence of 5,000 persons, and with elaborate ceremony, a statue of J. Sterling Morton, Secretary of Agriculture in the last Cleveland cabinet, and founder of Arbor day, was unveiled at Nebraska City, Neb. Principal of those present, the ceremony were former President Grover Cleveland, former Vice President Adlai B. Stevenson, Gov. Mickey, Elihu A. Herbert, David R. Francis and others associated with Mr. Morton during his term of office. There were six addresses, principal of which was that of Mr. Cleveland, which was a touching eulogy of his former cabinet officer and personal friend. Mr. Cleveland said in part:

This is but to testify to his lofty civic righteousness, his simple and sure standards of public morality, his stern insistence on official honesty, his sturdy adherence to opinions deliberately and conscientiously adopted, his generous concession to others of every sort of their efforts, and his passionate desire to serve the best interests of his fellow countrymen.

He believed that the same care and good faith exacted by a trust undertaken for an individual were due to the people from those who assume official responsibilities, and he believed that waste in public expenditure was sin.

The noxious atmosphere of governmental extravagance could not blind his eyes, nor could the ridicule of those who had learned to scoff at official economy, or the threats of those who maliciously contrived to appropriate public funds to private gain, drive him to compromise with wrong.

It was that our friend's sense of moral perception and his love of rectitude shed a bright and unwavering light on the path of official obligation; and thus did his clear discernment of duty lend impressiveness to his efforts towards the highest usefulness in public office.

One who loved nature with constancy and delight; and through nature he was led to a reverent love of the maker of the universe. He served the purposes of God on earth and taught his fellow-countrymen to realize their relationship to nature and the father of all created things, when he exhorted them to plant trees as a custom of general observance among our people.

No beautiful crest or elaborate coat of arms would so well illustrate his grand simplicity of spirit as the saving grace of his life and completion as its symbolization by a growing tree surmounting the hourly legend "Plant trees."

None of us should go from this place untouched by the lesson which this statue teaches. Here we should learn that character is not acquired by the contagion of noble things and unweakened by the corrosion of sordidness and money madness, is the corner stone of every truly useful life and of every genuinely noble achievement.

We have fallen upon days when our people are more than ever turning away from the old faith in the saving grace of character and flocking to the worship of money making idols. Daily and hourly, in the lives of our people, we see the characterless lives are seen in appalling numbers, without chart or compass, crowded upon the rocks and shoals of faithlessness and breach of trust. How ill have these wrecked lives exchanged the safe course and the harbor of honor and usefulness for the perilous and uncharted path of a wild and headlong rush over unknown seas in a consuming search for self.

If our people ever return again to their trust in character as a guiding force in our restless enterprise and immense material growth it will be when they take to heart the full significance of such a monument as this. We memorialize a man who not only earned the lasting honor of his countrymen, but whose life in all things worthy of high endeavor, was abundantly successful.

Notes of Current Events.

John D. Rockefeller is learning to run his own automobile.

The whaler Gayhead returned to San Francisco with 400 barrels of oil and 2,000 pounds of bone.

The Sylph, Lieut. Evans commanding, which did duty at Oyster Bay and New York during the summer, has returned to Washington.



Scrub sheep yield "sheepy" mutton.

New Zealand exports more sheep than Australia.

Top dress lawns with fine compost or scrapings of barnyard. The straw around the rose bushes.

It is claimed that the original sheep was black. There was probably one "white" sheep in every flock.

A Wisconsin farmer turned his wormy sheep into a tobacco field and let them "trim" the suckers. That ended the worms.

If you have a roothouse or damp barn cellar, you can set the celery upright on the floor, so that the roots will keep moist and the tops dry.

They say there is not a great deal of difference between the stomach of the hog and that of man. At any rate, charcoal is found to be useful in assisting the work of both.

Green corn, stalk and all, is a good starter for the fattening hogs, but it must not be their entire ration. A little dry feed, as old corn or barley, is indispensable in keeping up their strength and regulating their bowels.

Don't leave any old grass or other much around the bases of trees for field mice to nest in. They will eat the bark from the tree close to the ground if it is a hard winter. After the first hard freeze, raise a little mound of earth around the stem for protection against mice.

North of Virginia, celery for winter use should be stored before December. Dig up the plants, roots and all, and stand them close together in a narrow trench, the tops level with the ground. Cover them with boards and a little earth. As the weather gets colder, put on more earth and some manure.

An Indiana hen stole her nest in an abandoned wheat stack, and every egg that strolled by the nest laid an owl in it. When the old hen marched proudly up to the farmhouse with her family, she was followed by two juvenile turkeys, five chicks, an infant guinea and two ducklings, and seemed reasonably proud of the variety she had achieved.

In some sections it is the custom to wrap tender vines and shrubs in straw. There is no decided objection to this if the top is left open so that a circulation of air will pass over the shrub, and if one is sure no mice will get in near the bottom to gnaw the tender shoots. The plan of laying over the partially tender vine and covering it with soil is also adopted in some sections, but a vine so tender as to require this treatment ought not to be planted.

The Danish authority on tuberculosis, Prof. Bang, lately expressed the opinion to a company of visiting English farmers that the tuberculin test, while not infallible, was trustworthy in over ninety per cent of the cases tested. The main point in his system of preventing the spread of the disease was complete separation of all infected animals, as shown by the test, and the separation of the calves in a day or two if from infected cows and feeding these calves on pastured milk. In this way the disease could be weeded out in the second generation. He insisted that there was no need of destroying the meat of tuberculous animals, as there was no risk after cooking.

Ensilage Good for Feeding.

Prof. Whitcomb says: The healthfulness of silage for sheep is a matter regarding which opinions differ, so a test was undertaken at the Oregon station with a flock of twenty-five breeding ewes and a ram. They were fed with all the steamed vetch and clover silage they would eat, with about 5 pound of oats per head per day in addition. During the forty-eight days of the test the sheep gained 122 pounds, consuming 0.58 pounds of silage and .48 pound of oats per pound of gain. With the exception of one animal, the flock was apparently in the best of health at the close of the experiment.

Lime Necessary for Alfalfa.

It is safe to say that alfalfa cannot be grown successfully unless the soil is well limed. There are many fields to-day that are yellow and sickly solely for the want of lime, and this is the only bar to success where a partial growth has been successful. There is the usual idea concerning alfalfa that obtains with almost all plants that can be easily grown, that is that (to use the slang of the day) "any old soil will do." Alfalfa is too valuable a crop to lose sight of, and it is worth all the time it will take to study its habits and for experimenting. To begin with, see that the soil is not sour, and to be certain of that use the litmus test, given in this department many times, and if needed, apply to the soil at the rate of one or more tons an acre, as necessary, and do it for at least two years before the ground is to be used for alfalfa. It will pay to spend this time in learning about the needs of the plant and preparing the soil for it.

Feeding Dry Cows.

Each year adds to my belief that many cow troubles at time of parturition could be avoided if they were properly fed, says H. E. Cook in National Stockman. There seems to be a general satisfactory feeling that if the cow gives no milk, any feed will do. If there is any time of year when properly adjusted feed is necessary, it is during the six weeks when dry. This is about the right length of time for rest. I have heard dairymen say many times, "I feed grain just as soon as they begin making bag." What is the result? Why, the drain upon the system had already begun to be more than the feed could supply, and the owner tried to reverse the lever so quickly and catch up in two weeks what should have occupied six that a feverish condition is produced, and then any and all things hard to manage are likely to happen. If these cows had been fed without stopping, not as much, of course, but say two to four pounds of bran or mill feed or oats daily, there would have been muscle and nerve without fever or indigestion, and everything would have gone without friction.

Mulching the Orchard.

The use of the grass or weeds grown in the orchard for mulching the trees is along the line of the sod in the orchard idea, and its use for the benefit of the trees, and especially the young trees, is to be recommended during the summer, but decidedly not during the winter when there is snow on the ground, for it would be but a winter shelter for the mice, who would improve the opportunity to gnaw the tender bark of the trees. We make it our business to go over the young orchards in the late fall and hoe away from around each tree for a distance of three feet or more all of the vegetable growth of any nature. Just before the ground freezes the soil about each tree is packed down hard, and after the first heavy fall of snow, at a season when it is assumed that winter has fairly set in, we pack this snow down firmly. In most years it freezes and forms a protection to the tree from vermin, yet does the tree no harm.

Feeding Corn Fodder.

In the States where the corn crop is large much of it goes to needless waste, which with a little care might be made to add to the farm profits. The wasteful plan of throwing it in great stacks to the animals, leaving them to eat what they will and trample the rest under foot, cannot be profitable, no matter how large the corn crop one has at command. To get the most from the corn, it should be cut or shredded, preferably the latter. Of course, in some sections perhaps this may not be done with profit, but it may be put even in the old-fashioned cutter and pay for the labor. The time to feed the corn fodder to best advantage is early in the season, and simply because after midwinter it has lost much of its feeding value and the cows fail to do well on it and tire of the sameness. The other materials used for roughage can be saved until later in the winter and in the spring. The corn fodder may be made more appetizing by feeding a small ration of root crops, although the bulk of the roots should be saved for later feeding when the cows become more anxious for green food.

Destructiveness of Bugs.

The potato bug, the premier destroyer of farm products in prairie days, holds the insignificant place of fifteenth on the Department of Agriculture list of destruction. Only \$8,000,000 of loss is charged up to the potato bug, against \$15,000,000 to the army worm, ignored by paragraphers and neglected by crop reporters. The boll weevil is admitted to cost the country \$20,000,000 a year and the Hessian fly \$40,000,000. These are portentous figures of destruction, but they lack the customary hall mark of the official agricultural list—they are not exact. Forty million dollars of loss to crops from the Hessian fly every year is less convincing than this would be: "\$30,870,543.21 is the total loss reported by the Department of Agriculture from the ravages of the Hessian fly." The San Jose scale is marked down, so to speak, in damage doing to \$10,000,000, and the codling moth overtops the figure with a total loss of \$20,000,000. As was to be expected, the mild pearling grasshopper does not get the notice of the agriculturists. Of \$50,000,000 a year is charged to farmers. The chinch bug does even the grasshopper. \$10,000,000 a year is the loss by the chinch bug. The fig Washington experimental station up nearly \$300,000,000 a year to bugs and insects, not including crickets, flies and New York quakes.—New York Sun.

THE NEWS.

ANTIOCH, ILLINOIS.

A REPUBLICAN NEWSPAPER.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
A. B. JOHNSON, - Publisher

By Mail, One Dollar Per Year, in Advance.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Our college students may play rough football, but at least they don't try to lead the strikes.

Some college girls in Cleveland were dismissed for playing poker. They were probably only trying to fit themselves for society.

The recent investigations in the Bureau of Printing and Engraving show that the employees are a combination of "book-makers" and "highlanders".

The President can talk in four languages and by wireless telegraphy from a distance of 1,100 miles and yet the Cabinet is not allowed to say anything to the reporters.

Automobilists are asking for a law to keep people from breaking glass on the streets. Pedestrians would like one to keep automobilists from breaking bones on the streets.

Professor James of the Northwestern University insists upon his students reading daily newspapers for keeping abreast of the history of the times. They would also answer as a text book on temporary fiction.

Secretary Taft has disclaimed that he is a candidate for the Presidency, but no doubt he remembers what Judge Thurman said to his friends before the Democratic Convention in 1884—"They know where I live, don't they?"

Admiral Dewey believes that old officers should not have a place in the navy, and there is a spirit against old men in the army, but it was Victor Hugo who said: "Old soldiers have more courage than the young ones because they are farther removed from the warmth of life's morning and more audacious because they are nearer to death."

As the orator said of Napoleon the same may be said of Roosevelt, "he is proof against peril and empowered with ebiquity." Knocked forty feet by a trolley car, under the sea in a submarine boat; vaulting fences on horseback; chasing and being chased by grizzly bears and mountain lions in zero weather; bearding yellow fever in his lair; colliding with a freighter on the lower Mississippi, we hear by wireless telegraphy that he is now beating the record of stormy Hatteras, and we hope and believe that he will live to preach much longer by word and example.

The Secretary of the Navy is right in emphasizing that the nation's uniform is no disgrace when worn by a sailor in the service of his country. He has discharged a clerk on the civil list in the Naval service because he refused to keep his contract to rent lodgings to a man whom he learned after he had agreed to rent was a sailor attached to a United States war vessel. We are making great efforts at this time to recruit and improve our Naval Service and from seven to ten thousand men will be required to man the new vessels, which we will soon put into commission. There are many reasons why the personnel of our Navy establishment should be as good as any in the world. They are much better paid than the French and German seamen and even the English, but owing to this among other facts that "single men in ships don't grow into plaster saints" our seamen are not just the kind of tennants every family wants.

A wave of economy has struck the government, its dimensions like all waves are vague and undefined, possibly it is only a wavelet, possibly it may be a tidal wave. If it could be communicated from the government to the people, to the wasteful millionaires and the wasteful day laborers and produce an era of thrift within an era of superabundance the panic which always follows good times will be much longer averted. There is no telling how many millions of dollars will be sliced off the appropriations at the coming session of Congress. The Secretary of War has made a clean reduction of ten millions of dollars and it is always the custom of Congress to reduce the Appropriation below the Secretaries' estimate. Assuming that the secretaries of the Navy, of the Interior, the Postmaster General and other Cabinet Officers shall be disposed like Secretary Taft to reduce expenses we may reasonably expect that the Governmental budget will be reduced from fifty to seventy-five millions, and this reduction with the increased revenue expected from prosperous business conditions ought to wipe out the deficits of the last two years.

Some very interesting testimony has been elicited in the investigation which Congressman Landis is now pushing with a view to reducing the expenses of the Government Printing Office, but to the Washingtonian with average information concerning Government offices there is nothing new under the sun in the information elicited through this investigation. When the chief clerk of the government printing office testifies that the book-binders in this office have an organization for promoting work by soliciting members of

Congress and the Departments to make requests for hectombs of utterly useless and rapid literature in order that they may get more work, which costs from twenty to twenty-five per cent more than it does in the best binderies of the country, he is not telling anything new and startling, he is telling what hundreds of well informed people in Washington have known and iterated for years and what Congress is outrageously criminal for not knowing and abating. There are literal cords of useless stuff turned out by this great printery and then there are thousands of dollars expended in the rent of barns and warehouses for the storage of this non-negotiable stuff.

THE CURING OF CONSUMPTION.

Great Work Being Done in New York Post-Graduate Hospital.

For the benefit of poor consumptives unable to leave their work, or to go from home to a more congenial climate, the New York Post-Graduate Hospital some years ago set apart a portion of its free dispensary. Some of the methods employed are described in Pearson's.

The patients report at the hospital twice daily, and these daily gatherings give the physicians in charge "an opportunity to cross-examine the patients, to correct their faults of living and instruct them how to make the most of their means. The patients are bidden to eat all they can of wholesome food, allowing an interval of five hours between meals. Things specifically barred are tea, coffee, cocoa, chocolate, vinegar, alcohol in any form, beef tea and meat extracts. It is preferred that the patients do not use tobacco. Fresh air and cleanliness of person and surroundings are insisted upon. Frequently the patient's occupation will not permit of his controlling his supply of air during the day, but he must sleep with his windows wide open in all kinds of weather. Why do we hear all this talk about the great necessity of fresh air in curing consumption? The reason is that heat and energy are convertible terms; that if the fat you take into your system is to be utilized as energy it must be kindled, and that to kindle anything you must have oxygen, which is found in proper quantity only in air that is fresh. Women patients who wear corsets must take them off."

Besides being instructed as to the method of cure, the patients are taught that "the curing of a cause of tuberculosis depends as much, if not more, upon the determination and will of the patient as upon the skill of the physician."

Some heroic struggles are made by some of the patients who are determined to get well. The writer tells of one poor woman who, with both lungs affected and a cavity in her chest, sat bundled up a whole winter in a room with the windows wide open, while she sewed with fingerless gloves, blowing on her hands now and then to relieve the numbness. Her perseverance was happily rewarded with recovery.

The New Japan.

The tourist from Cincinnati lolled back his capacious girth in the tiny stool of the Tokio tea house, while through the carved latticework the tinkle of a samisen came in alluring cadence over an expanse of stunted pine, wistaria and fairy lakes.

"This is all to the Pierre Loti!" he mused. "And yonder comes a dainty geisha girl to take my order. I will speak to her in the poetry of the land."

"Ah, O Mimosa San, I swear by the white crest of the mountain Fujiyama that you love, that—"

"Oh, fudge!" said the geisha girl in limp English. "I've just graduated from Barnard college, and I prefer the Pallasades or the Catskills." Then to the kitchen she ordered. "Draw one!"

"Ah," said the tourist, in a hurt tone of voice, "I thought you were one of the poetic creatures made famous by Lafcadio Hearn."

"Who was he?" asked the Jap maiden, with polite interest. "Seems to me I've heard of him, but I'm reading Huxley and Emerson just now."

Listening again, the tourist discovered that the tinkle of the samisen was only the sound from the shuttles of a cotton mill.

Recipe for a World.

Take one man, a woman and a garden. Add an apple and a good fresh snake. Stir gently until the pot begins to boil, then drain off the apple, and keep adding children. Simmer on a slow fire, then put on ice. Alternate between the two extremes, giving the whole a good, sound basting when needed, turning slowly in a proper space. Keep adding time until the mass is of the consistency of a mud pie covered with ants. Multiply the inhabitants and garnish with villages, towns, cities and empires. Now introduce a little theology and enough devil sauce to spice. Keep adding battle, murder, sudden death and a good layer of cant. Put plenty of salt in the water and sprinkle with bad society. When your world is finished throw it in the fire and begin all over again.—Leesburg (Ohio) Buckeye.

In the Boston Suburbs.

"Whither away, little boy?" inquired the well-meaning stranger.

"I go to swim, sir," replied the spectacled infant.

"And where do you swim?" persisted the stranger.

"I swim, sir," the infant made answer. "In the shallow purloons of excessive dampness."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Foley's Honey and Tar always stops the cough and heals the lungs. Refuse substitutes. Sold by J. H. Swan.

Ayer's

What are your friends saying about you? That your gray hair makes you look old? And yet, you are not forty! Postpone this looking old.

Hair Vigor

Use Ayer's Hair Vigor and restore to your gray hair all the deep, dark, rich color of early life. Then be satisfied.

"Ayer's Hair Vigor restored the natural color to my gray hair, and I am greatly pleased. It is all you claim for it." Mrs. E. J. VANDERBILT, Mechanicsville, N. Y.

50c a bottle. All druggists. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.

MISS WAITE'S WISH GRATIFIED.

Ceremony of Recognition That Was Almost Overdone.

Miss Mary Waite, the only daughter of the late chief justice of the United States, lives quietly in an apartment in Washington since the death of her mother. Although her hair is turning gray, she has youthful eyes and sprightly ways. She is fond of relating a story which now for the first time finds its way into print.

"One day," says Miss Waite, "I said to Justice Harlan, 'How is it that none of you ever bow to me when I come to the supreme court room. Several ladies who have gone there have said to me, 'Justice So-and-So bowed to me.' I feel quite neglected.'"

"Some weeks after this conversation I went to the court room near the close of the session, that my father and I might go home together. I slipped into a seat and was quietly enjoying myself, when a man leaned forward, laying a finger on my shoulder. 'Excuse me, miss,' he said, 'but perhaps you'd like me to tell you who they all are. That's Justice Brewer over there, and Justice Field next him, and there's Chief Justice Waite in the middle.'"

"Excuse me," I interrupted, 'but perhaps I know them quite as well as you.'"

"At this moment I raised my eyes to the judges' bench and realized with a gasp that every gray head of them was making inclination to me. The notoriety hunter back of me gulped out, 'Who are you, miss?' Gathering my skirts about me, I hurried from the court room, the man at my heels. But he never caught me, for I knew those halls, as I did the justices, better than he did."—New York Herald.

Easy to Destroy a Warship.

The modern iron and steel clad war vessel of the battleship type may withstand a terrific cannonade from without and yet succumb to the dropping of a match, the careless handling of a kerosene lamp or a defective electric light or power wire.—Omaha Bee.

Impoverished Soil

Impoverished soil, like impoverished blood, needs a proper fertilizer. A chemist by analyzing the soil can tell you what fertilizer to use for different products.

If your blood is impoverished your doctor will tell you what you need to fertilize it and give it the rich, red corpuscles that are lacking in it. It may be you need a tonic, but more likely you need a concentrated fat food, and fat is the element lacking in your system.

There is no fat food that is so easily digested and assimilated as

Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil

It will nourish and strengthen the body when milk and cream fail to do it. Scott's Emulsion is always the same; always palatable and always beneficial where the body is wasting from any cause, either in children or adults.

We will send you a sample free.

Be sure that this picture in the form of a label is on the wrapper of every bottle of Emulsion you buy.

SCOTT & BOWNE
CHEMISTS
409 Pearl St., New York
50c and \$1.00.
All Druggists.

A New Definition.

Former Mayor Patrick Collins of Boston told this one as the Irish cab driver had narrated it to him in Dublin. Cabby took "a fard" out into the country one night. The gentleman paid him well, and told him to "look under the seat."

There cabby found a quart bottle of pure Irish whiskey, and he sampled it immediately. He also gave some to the horse, who seemed to like it. Telling the story cabby said:

"After I'd been givin' av th' baste only four or five drinks he got gay; he did. Th' first thing I knowed I was in th' shafts pullin' th' 'fob, an' th' baste was up in th' sate lashin' me wid th' whip, makin' me pull harrd an' dance."

"Well, what was the result?" inquired Mr. Collins.

"O'lv niver giv' th' baste another drop fr'm that day till this."

"Yes, but what was the result that night? You were drunk, of course."

"O'lv niver drunck, at all at all."

"Were you entirely sober?"

"No, O'lv niver lie about it. O'lv niver drunck nor sober, what was your condition?"

"O'lv wor on th' defensive"—Pittsburg Dispatch.

A liquid cold cure and the only Cough Syrup which moves the bowels—works all cold out of the system—is Kennedy's Laxative Honey and Tar. Clears the head and throat and makes weak lungs strong. Best for croup, whooping cough, etc. Children love it. Sold by J. H. Swan.

Sylvanus Cobb's Hens and Corn.

In the early forties there lived in Waltham, Mass., a noted Universalist minister, Sylvanus Cobb, widely known for his ready wit. He kept hens, and he was not particular where they roamed.

A certain neighbor was much annoyed by the frequent visits of these hens, and one day, after he had observed them scratching up his newly planted corn, he complained to Mr. Cobb. The clergyman listened to the tale, and then slowly gave reply: "I did not know that corn would hurt hens."

The neighbor was so taken aback by this answer to his complaint that he had not a word to say, and quietly withdrew, ruminating on what he had just heard, with the result that, on arriving home, he placed a good charge of powder in his shotgun and on top a handful of corn.

He had not long to wait for the return of the minister's hens, when he fired, killing two of the flock. Tying the legs together, he carried the dead fowl to the minister's door, with this placard attached: "Not long ago you said that you did not know that corn would hurt hens, but here are two of yours that have been killed by corn."

A Cough Syrup which drives a cold out of the system by acting as a cathartic to the bowels is offered in Kennedy's Laxative Honey and Tar. Clears the throat, strengthens the lungs and cronical tubes. The mother's friend and the children's favorite. Best for croup, whooping cough etc. Sold by J. H. Swan.

Slightly Misunderstood.

The hazy recollections or dim impressions that people not overburdened with a fund of general information retain of things they have seen or heard of frequently result in amusing descriptions and definitions.

"The little book with the x's and the y's scattered all over it" was fairly suggestive of algebra, even though it betrayed ignorance of the science of arithmetic on the part of him who thus described it.

When watches were not as plentiful in Scotland as they are to-day a peasant who had taken a watch from the pocket of an officer who was killed during a campaign in the Highlands was mystified by the unceasing noise it made. On taking it home he told his friends that he had found a beautiful snuffbox with a fly inside.

As little understood were the workings of a telegraph office by the man who, on receiving a telegram from his son, hesitated to believe it was from Pat because "his writing isn't a bit like that."

There is no cough medicine so popular as Foley's Honey and Tar. It contains no opiates or poisons and never fails to cure. Sold by J. H. Swan.

Set Their Pastor to Work.

The Rev. Seabury Wheeler, pastor of the Woodcliff chapel at North Bergen, N. J., who learned the carpenter's trade before he studied for the ministry, is converting the cellar of the chapel into a room for Sunday school sessions and church socials. He is doing the work without any assistance.

The dominie told a member of the Ladies' Aid Society several weeks ago that if the society raised \$100 to buy the lumber for the floor and walls he would do the carpenter work. The women hustled around and collected the cash and the minister got the timber. Then he donned an old pair of trousers and started in to keep his part of the contract.—New York Sun.

New Use for Flypaper.

Iris is the poetic name of a fluffy Angora cat which has a bad habit of running away. Little Dotty, who has a proprietary interest in the animal, greeted her mother the other day with startling news.

"Iris tried to run away," she said, "and the wath bad and wouldn't mind, and I thidked, Iris to the flypaper tho the couldn't get away."

Foley's Honey and Tar for coughs and colds; reliable, tried and tested, safe and sure. Sold by J. H. Swan.

WAS ROYAL HEROINE

QUEEN MARIA SOPHIA OF NAPLES FOUGHT FOR THRONE.

Beautiful and Courageous, She Will Be Remembered in History for Her Defense of Gaeta—Still Living in Quiet Suburb of Paris.

It is so long since Francis II. of Naples and his queen, Maria Sophia, were forced from their throne that many people will be surprised to learn that this beautiful and courageous woman, once famous all over Europe as the "heroine of Gaeta," is still living and, according to her biographer, Clara Tschudi, as fresh in mind and as daring as in those days gone by when she walked among the soldiers loyal to her house and amid a veritable hail of bullets incited them to bravery and action.

The ex-queen of Naples now lives in Neuilly, in the suburbs of Paris, where she interests herself in her study of thoroughbreds, fine horses being her hobby, says the Detroit News-Tribune. The story of her life is one of intense dramatic interest. Wedded to the Neapolitan prince in 1859, by proxy, without ever having seen him, this high-spirited young woman found her husband weak-minded, reserved and awkward and completely in the power of his despotic father and stepmother. She was very unhappy and did not regain her health and vivacity until after the death of her father-in-law, when the prince became Francis II.

Coming into her own power she urged the king to give to the country a new and liberal constitution, but Francis was blinded by prejudice, family traditions, by education and court intrigues, so he continued his worship of regal power and would have nothing to do with the movement which had begun in favor of the unity of Italy, refusing Victor Emmanuel's offer to bring about an alliance between Naples and Sardinia. Then, in 1860, Garibaldi landed in Sicily with his thousand followers, and, in Victor Emmanuel's name, assumed the dictatorship of the island.

The Neapolitan troops were defeated and to Gaeta, the last stronghold, the king and queen fled. Here they took their stand, and here both displayed their nobler traits. The king redeemed his character by acting the part of a man, and the queen won world-wide fame by her heroism under fire. Of this her biographer says:

"With her Calabrian hat on her head and wrapped in her ample cloak, Francis II.'s consort was beautiful and fantastic as she walked to and fro among the guns, encountering the soldiers. This young, handsome, courageous and light-hearted woman was in truth a worthy representative of a kingdom which was defending its last redoubt. In her picturesque martial garb she would walk under a veritable hail of balls, inciting the last defenders of the royal couple to a stubborn resistance. In the midst of danger she kept her lofty gaiety of spirit; she showed always a smiling face and never spoke of her own fate."

"When all was over and the kingdom of Francis II. became part of united Italy under Victor Emmanuel, Maria Sophia received complimentary verses, addresses and gifts from all parts of Europe, including a wreath of bay leaves from the princesses of Germany, a sword of honor from the women of Paris and a silver model of Gaeta with symbolical figures and inscriptions from ladies of the highest aristocracy of Vienna. Francis II. died at the close of 1894 at Arco, in the Tyrol, and was refused a resting place in the land of his fathers."

The biography of this forgotten queen is translated from the Norwegian by Ethel H. Hearn.

Do not be deceived by counterfeits when you buy Witch Hazel Salve. The name of E. C. DeWitt & Co. is on every box of the genuine. Files in their worst form will soon pass away if you will apply DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve night and morning. Best for cuts, burns, boils, tetter, eczema, etc. Sold by J. H. Swan.

A Heavy Consumer.

Nelson Morris, the Chicago beef packer, has bought, through Marie Correll, John Harvard's house at Stratford-on-Avon. The house is to be turned into a Shakespeare club for American tourists.

Mr. Morris was complimented recently on the wisdom of his purchase and on his great success in business.

He said, smilingly: "Mine is an easy business, if you are industrious, to succeed in. I satisfy hunger, and men grow hungry three times a day. Three times a day they come to me."

"A man once asked me to give him a job because he ate so much. He said he was the kind of a chap who always said to the carver of roast beef: 'Cut mine so it won't bend.'"

"I recognized this claim to consideration and put the man on my pay roll."

In the Future.

"Don't be foolish about it," exclaimed the young bride. "He's merely an old flame of mine."

"Indeed!" cried her aged but wealthy husband. "I suppose you dream of his tender advances yet."

"No," she replied with a far-away look, "not yet."

W. A. Herren, of Finch, Ark., writes, "I wish to report that Foley's Kidney Cure has cured a terrible case of kidney and bladder trouble that two doctors had given up." Sold by J. H. Swan.

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Mr. S. S. Ball, of Ravenswood, W. Va., says: "I was troubled with sour stomach for twenty years. Kodol cured me and we are now using it in milk for baby."

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Father Arranged It.

A father and mother, with six children, paid a visit to the seaside. Wishing to spend a few days there they set about looking for cheap lodgings.

At length they came to a notice of a "furnished room to let," and made inquiries.

"Oh, yes," said the landlady, in answer to the father's question; "it's here the room is to let, but there's only one bed in it."

"Oh, that's all right," replied the father; "we're used to roughing it. The wife and bairns'll sleep on the floor."

Washington's Postmaster.

The Hon. John A. Merritt, the present postmaster of the nation's capital, was in early life a farmer, and before studying law worked in a grocery store.

ADJOINING TOWNS

From our Staff of Able Correspondents.

LAKE VILLA, ILL.

Geo. Sugar attended the funeral of his friend Mr. W. Hohner Wednesday.

A number from here spent Friday in the city.

Mrs. C. G. Nelson and Lynette were in Antioch Saturday.

Mr. A. Gibson has moved to Silver Lake. Percy spent the first of the week at home.

Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Wald and baby spent Sunday here.

Miss Collins, Bertha Harbaugh and Fay Potter went to Antioch Saturday.

Miss Edith Hucker visited her brother, Mr. W. Hucker, a few days the past week.

Mr. Will Lawin has gone to the city to work.

Mrs. C. Harbaugh and daughter Mildred visited friends and relatives at Plover, Wis., the past week.

Dr. F. Morrell has moved his dentist's office from the McMahon building to Mr. W. Hucker's residence.

GRAYSLAKE, ILL.

Mrs. H. Adams, of Chicago, is spending a few days with Mr. E. Adams and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Smeaton left this week for West Liberty, Iowa, where they will reside.

Dr. Nugent, a fine lecturer and speaker, of Chicago, spoke at the Congregational church on Sunday.

Mrs. F. D. Petty, of Kansas City, spent Thursday and Friday with her aunt, Mrs. W. B. Higley.

Mr. F. C. Willbar and family and Mr. and Mrs. McLense spent Saturday and Sunday in Waukegan.

Mr. O. Washburn and family have been spending a few days with relatives in Waukegan.

Mr. P. E. Farr, of Pilchuck, Washington, who was called here by the death of his mother last week, returned to his home on Thursday of this week.

Invitations are out for the marriage of Miss Kathryn Lewis, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lyman Lewis, to Mr. Howard James Higley, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Higley, to take place Tuesday, Nov. 21.

Mrs. P. A. Robinson received word on Sunday of the death of her sister, Mrs. Johnson, at California, where she spent the past two years for her health. The remains will be brought to her old home in Lake Mills for burial.

Smith Wright, formerly of this place, now of Maywood, spent the last of the week here. He is to have charge of the new summer resort being built at Fourth Lake by Mr. Van Hesse, of Chicago, who recently bought the Hartney property.

MILLBURN, ILL.

The Jolly Workers presented the Millburn Sunday School with a new bookcase.

Listen for wedding bells in the near future.

Bills are out for W. J. White's auction, Nov. 14. Remember the date.

Mrs. J. H. Strang and Mrs. Geo. Strang will return this week from Kansas.

Mrs. Denman's mother Mrs. A. E. Stewart, has returned to Washington, D. C.

The C. E. business meeting will be held Friday, Nov. 10, at the home of Mrs. W. J. White. Everyone come.

C. E. topic—The dangers of indulgence. A temperance meeting. Leader, Bell Irving.

Mr. Starkweather, of Rockford, is again in our midst, looking after his usual business, selling pianos.

Mrs. Pantell visited with Mrs. Dr. Tombaugh, of Waukegan, the past week, and also visited in Chicago.

Mrs. Starkweather, who has been spending a week here visiting friends, has returned to Rockford.

Mr. and Mrs. George Gerrity gave a dinner last Sunday in honor of the twin's fourth birthday, James and Louise.

Miss Kate Gerrity, of Waukegan, is out for a few weeks visiting her brother and other relatives.

The many friends of Miss K. L. Smith will be pleased to learn that she is steadily gaining.

Husking corn in the field will soon be a thing of the past. The shredder has taken the place of all that work.

The Millburn Congregational church will give an entertainment of home talent, assisted by Mr. N. D. Pratt, for Thanksgiving.

BRISTOL, WIS.

Mr. F. Porter of Janesville spent Saturday at the home of A. Rowbottom of this place.

Mr. and Mrs. George Willett spent Friday and Saturday last in Chicago.

Mr. Roy Jackson spent Sunday with his mother, Mrs. O. Jackson, of Kenosha.

Mrs. W. R. Turner was given a hearty surprise by about sixty of her friends on Wednesday evening of last week.

F. O. Eddy of Zion City spent Sunday at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Eddy.

Mrs. H. Evans of Salem is visiting at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Ed. Shottliff, of this place.

Mrs. W. R. Turner spent Sunday at the home of her daughter, Mrs. E. A. Moore, at Carey, Ill.

Miss Lulu Rowbottom spent Sunday at the home of Mr. F. Bader of Pleasant Prairie.

Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Stevens and granddaughter left on Tuesday for Granada, Texas, where they will spend about three weeks with their daughter, Mrs. C. Smith.

TREVOR, WIS.

Mrs. Barhyte is on the sick list.

The Delph family moved to the Trevor boarding house at Silver Lake last week.

Mr. A. Bailey, of Salem, was a Trevor visitor Thursday.

Mrs. Joe Smith is visiting friends in Plano, Ill.

Mr. Field and family now occupy the house vacated by Mr. Matthews.

The first snow storm of the season made its appearance Tuesday morning.

Mr. Taylor gave a party to a few of his friends on Wednesday evening.

Geo. Booth was a Chicago passenger on Tuesday morning.

In spite of the stormy afternoon the ladies society held at Mrs. Turnock's was well attended.

Miss Ida Fiddler, of Woodworth, spent Wednesday with her sister, Mrs. Parks and family.

Mrs. Allie Terping was entertained by a birthday surprise Tuesday by a few of her friends.

Mr. A. J. Booth left for Topeka, Kansas, Tuesday, where he will visit his daughter, Mrs. Swan. Mrs. Booth will accompany him home.

The Continuous Performance Farmer. As soon as Alpheus got his raise Hannah furnished the parlor on the installment plan, and the next week invited her father from the country town down to visit her.

The old man was one of those farmers that you see in the continuous performances.

He had a roll of gray whiskers under his chin. He carried a bag made of red body Brussels. He wore congress gaiters so wide at the top that the bottoms of his trousers were always caught in them. He whittled a stick, said "by gum" and drank colder. A typical continuous performance farmer.

When Alpheus and Hannah led the old man into the splendid new parlor, they expected him to be overawed.

But he only snorted, and waving his long hand toward the tidies pinned on each chair back, he said:

"Wall, by gum, you city folks hev a funny way o' dryin' yer washin'."

There Was a Limit.

An Irishman one day went into the shop of a barber to get shaved. After being properly seated and the lather about half applied, the barber was called to an adjoining room, where he was detained for some time. The barber had in the shop as a pet a monkey, which was continually imitating its master. As soon as the latter left the room the monkey grabbed the brush and proceeded to finish lathering the Irishman's face. After doing this he took a razor from his case and stropped it and then turned to the Irishman to shave him.

"Shut that!" said Pat. "Ye can tuck the towel in me neck and put yer soap on me face, but, begorra, yer father's got to shave me!"

Put "Sportsman" in Hole.

Beals C. Wright, the tennis champion, was eating reed birds.

"When the reed bird season comes round," he said, "I think of my cousin, an enthusiastic sportsman."

"My cousin once went on a reed bird hunt, and had excellent luck. The family, on his return, feasted."

"His wife, a week or so later, said to him:

"How many reed birds was it that you shot, do you remember?"

"Just two dozen," said my cousin, "and all beauties."

"Then the grocer," said his wife, "has made a mistake. He charges for only eighteen."

Noted Physician Is 80.

Dr. Julius Kahn, known for his contributions to scientific agriculture, will celebrate his 80th birthday anniversary on Oct. 23.

ALL KINDS OF CAPS



AT CHASE WEBB'S, ANTIOCH, ILL.

REAL AMERICANS IN KENTUCKY.

Whole Counties Without a Resident of Foreign Birth.

"There are counties in Kentucky where there is not a single resident of foreign birth," declared R. D. Baker of Louisville, according to the Milwaukee Sentinel. "The residents are the descendants of the old families who came to Kentucky when that state was known as the 'dark and bloody ground' and who fought to make the state what it is today. They have no land to sell to foreigners, they have no business to do with them, therefore the foreign population settles elsewhere. I presume the same condition of affairs will be found in these same counties fifty years from now."

"Not anywhere else in this country can there be found a settlement which is more truly American. When you stop to consider the number of nationalities one meets gathered together in almost every part of the country, the way these Kentuckians have managed to keep to themselves is little less than marvelous. Kentucky is unlike any other state in the union, anyway. In two counties there they have never held a coroner's inquest. They have a coroner in each county, but they contend that it is not necessary to hold an inquest over the remains of a man who is killed if you know how he was killed. They always know how the dead ones are killed. In these same counties I do not believe they have ever held court without a company or two of militia. The people are not assassins, but they have so long been accustomed to settling their own troubles with the rifle and the shotgun that they cannot accustom themselves to the vengeance of the law in place of that of the individual."

REASON FOR CHOOSING PASTOR.

Woman of Experience Had Studied the Subject.

A West Side congregation was called upon not long ago to choose a new pastor. The last three ministers had been persons not grate to most of the parishioners, and before selecting another the congregation did some pretty tall thinking. There was one woman of experience whose advice carried particular weight. Preacher after preacher was invited to the pulpit for a trial sermon, and all, in the final analysis, were rejected by the female arbiters. At last there came along a possible incumbent who met with her approval.

"The reason I am sure he will give satisfaction," she said, "is because he has the right kind of a wife for a minister. She allows him to rant around all he wants to at home, and doesn't sass back. I found out long ago that a man who hasn't got his privilege at home works off his spleen elsewhere. A minister vents it on his congregation. That was why we couldn't stand the last preacher. This one will be all right. We won't hear a peep out of him."

And upon that unique recommendation the congregation actually did give the man a call. According to last accounts both he and the parishioners were doing well. The wife has not been heard from.—New York Press.

High Liquor Licenses.

The highest per capita receipts from liquor licenses are reported by the cities of Utah, Colorado, Minnesota, Illinois, Washington and Nebraska. By state law Minnesota cities containing over 10,000 inhabitants cannot license a saloon for less than \$1,000 per annum, but may increase this amount at their discretion.

In Illinois the general dram-shop license for cities is \$500 or more per annum, at the discretion of the local authorities.

Licenses in Washington must be between \$300 and \$1,000 per annum. In Nebraska cities a license can not be granted for less than \$1,000.

The laws for other states mentioned either require or permit the collection of large amounts by cities for liquor licenses.

Diplomatic Small Boy.

To illustrate a point of statecraft Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, the English statesman, has been telling his constituents a story of a small boy who went to his mamma and asked her to lend him a pencil. "But," said the mother, "I left a pen and ink for you to do your lessons with on the nursery table. Why don't you use that instead of a pencil?" Clarence hesitated for a moment. "Don't you think, mamma," he said at length, "that the Times is a very useful paper?" "Of course, I do," answered mamma; "but what—" "Well, you see," the little lad explained, "I want a pencil to write to the editor and ask him what'll take ink stains out of a carpet."

FROM HERO'S DEATH

CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY DRAWS BEAUTIFUL MORAL.

Simple Words of Sailor Mortally Injured in the Bennington Disaster Contain Lesson That All Dwellers on the Earth Should Heed.

Two bluejackets from the ill-fated gunboat Bennington lay side by side in the hospital, both mortally injured. In his unbearable torments one poor fellow raved and blasphemed. The other was made of nobler stuff. "Hold hard, shipmate," he said, "it will soon be over. We've got but little time to live. Let's be decent."

Pain and anguish unbalance the normal mind. I remember once in camp in Chikamauga during the war to have seen a venerable loving mother—a good Christian woman in ordinary life—hanging over the death bed of her only son, and she a widow, raving and blaspheming against God and man in her bereavement. There was nothing I could do or say to comfort her, to bring her to her senses for a long time. The suddenness of the shock, the magnitude of her loss had unbalanced her. I did not condemn her. I knew she was not herself. Nor have I any words of censure for the poor, tortured sailor who broke down under such fearful pressure. He died in the line of duty, and God will know how to deal with such. "Duty," said Robert E. Lee, "is the noblest word in the language." However, our charity toward the one who gave way to his feelings need not prevent us from admiring the quiet resolution, the heroic courage, the fine endurance of the other.

Every catastrophe that oppresses man seems to bring out the heroic in man. It is such things that lighten the darkness, that diminish the horror and that make the tear we drop one of pride as well as of sorrow. The hero of that occasion is the poor, plain, common—no uncommon—sailor who tried to be decent. May we not believe him to be "in God's still memory folded deep" forever?

Life is but a little period. There totters by my door once in a while a venerable man of ninety-five years. "A great age," says one. Yet in the larger total of the flooding centuries it is but a trifle. This earth has swung on its axis through eons of time. To him to whom a thousand years are but as yesterday when it is past and as a watch in the night the longest life is an infinitesimal space of time. The word of the brave sailor takes on a new significance in the presence of that God who has made our days, as it were, but a span long and before whom our age is even as nothing. The longest lived of us have a short time to stay here. Let us be decent while we are here! Could there be a nobler aspiration?

The Romans had a habit in their festive moments of introducing a slave who cried: "Memento Mori!" ("Remember Death!") We are but a short time here. We shall have another and longer life when we have shuffled off this mortal coil. While we live let us be decent! "Work," runs the old song, "for the night is coming when man's work is o'er." Just exactly what will come to us in the beyond no man can tell. Perhaps there may still be work for man—I hope so. But of this we may be sure—that we shall meet our Pilot face to face when we have "crossed the bar." And this much every man may further confidently assert—as we have been decent in the shorter life, so we shall be happier in the longer. Therefore: "Let's be decent!"

—Cyrus Townsend Brady, in New York Herald.

A Responsive Audience. A well-known player, whose forte is romantic comedy, tells an amusing story in connection with the production, some years ago, of an unsuccessful comedy. This comedy was a dire failure, drawing but meager audiences. The record in this respect was reached when the curtain rose on a Wednesday matinee in Brooklyn, with fifteen persons in the house. In the front of the house there was but one occupant—a young girl in the second row. In the first row of the balcony sat one young man.

The play opened with a scene on the deck of a yacht, and as the leading man emerged from the cabin and gazed into the empty gulf before him, he spoke his first line:

"The sea is purple; have you, too, noticed it?"

Whereupon the voice of the young man in the balcony responded: "I don't know about the young lady down stairs, but I can see it very plainly."—Harper's Weekly.

Physicians Prescribe It. Many broad minded physicians prescribe Foley's Honey and Tar, as they have never found so safe and reliable a remedy for throat and lung troubles as this great medicine. Sold by J. H. Swan.

Insinuating. The following story is told of one of the former governors of Georgia: It seems that he was out walking one morning, a few days prior to his election, when he met an old negro. The following conversation took place:

"Morning, Marse John."

"Good morning, uncle."

"You all is looking mighty fine."

"Yes, I feel pretty good."

"Do you know what you looks like, Marse John?"

"No. What do I look like?"

"You looks as if you had a dollar in your pocket and was runnin' for Governor."

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The Doctor's Wife

BY MISS M. E. BRADDON

CHAPTER IX.—(Continued.)

Isabel still lingered by the picture. She was agitated at the fact that Mr. Raymond knew and was even familiar with these beings. Yes; beings—creatures of that remote sphere which she only knew in her dreams. Standing near the portrait, she ventured to look very timidly toward these radiant creatures.

What did she see? A young man half reclining in the deep embrasure of a window, with the summer sunshine behind him and the summer breezes fluttering his loose brown hair—that dark, rich brown which is only a warmer kind of black. She saw a man upon whom beneficent or capricious nature, in some fantastic moment, had lavished all the gifts that men most covet, that women most admire. She saw one of the handsomest faces ever seen since Napoleon, the young conqueror of Italy, first dazzled regenerated France, a kind of face that is only familiar to us in a few old Italian portraits; a beautiful, dreamy, perfect face, exquisite alike in form and color.

Yes, capricious nature had showered her gifts upon Roland Lansdell. She had made him handsome, and had attuned his voice to a low, melodious music, and had made him sufficiently clever, and beyond all this had bestowed upon him that subtle attitude of grace which she, and she alone, can bestow. He was always graceful. Involuntarily and unconsciously he fell into harmonious attitudes.

The lady who was called Gwendoline put up her eyeglass to look at another picture, and in that attitude Isabel had time to contemplate her, and saw that she, too, was graceful, and that in every fold of her simple dress—it was only muslin, but quite a different fabric to Isabel's muslin—there was an indescribable harmony, which stamped her as the creature of that splendid sphere which the girl only knew in her books.

George came in while his wife was looking at Gwendoline, and Mr. Raymond suddenly remembered the young couple whom he had taken upon himself to chaperon.

"I must introduce you to some new friends of mine, Roland," he said; "and when you are ill you must send for Mr. Gilbert, of Graybridge, who, I am given to understand, is a very clever surgeon and whom I know to have the best moral region I ever had under my hand. My dear boy, this is Roland Lansdell, Miss Gwendoline, Mrs. Gilbert—Mrs. Lansdell. But you know something about my friend Roland, I think; don't you, Isabel?"

Mrs. Gilbert bowed and smiled and blushed in a pleasant bewilderment. To be introduced to two beings in this off-hand manner was almost too much for Mr. Stenford's daughter.

A faint perfume of jasmine and orange blossoms floated toward her from Gwendoline's handkerchief, and she seemed to see the fair-haired lady who smiled at her, and the dark-haired gentleman who had risen at her approach, through an odoriferous mist that confused her senses.

"I think you know something of my friend Roland," Mr. Raymond repeated; "eh, my dear?"

"Oh, no, indeed," Isabel stammered; "I never saw."

"You never saw him before to-day," answered Mr. Raymond, laying his hand on the young man's shoulder with a kind of protecting tenderness in the gesture. "But you've read his verses; those pretty drawing room, Byronic, refined and angelized, that you told me you were so fond of; and you've read the handsome man who wrote the verses, Mrs. Gilbert? I told you the Allen was a country squire; and here he is—a squire of high degree, as the old ballad has it."

Isabel's heart gave a great throb, and her pale face flushed all over with a faint carnation. To be introduced to a Being who was also a poet, and the very poet whose rhapsodies were her last and favorite idolatry! She could not speak.

Before she could recover her confusion Mr. Raymond had hooked his arm through that of Roland Lansdell, and the two men had walked off together, talking with considerable animation. Isabel was left by the open window with Gwendoline and George, whose common sense preserved him serene and fearless in the presence of these superior creatures.

"You like my cousin's poetry, then, Mrs. Gilbert?" said Gwendoline.

Her cousin! The dark-haired being was cousin to this fair-haired being in the Parisian bonnet, a white clip bonnet with just one feather sprig of mountain heather, and the broad, thick, white silk strings tied under an aristocratic chin—a determined chin, Mr. Raymond would have told Isabel.

Mrs. Gilbert took heart of grace, now that Roland Lansdell was out of hearing, and said, "Oh, yes; she was very fond of the 'Allen's Dreams'; they were so sweetly pretty."

"Yes, they are pretty," Lady Gwendoline said, sitting herself by the window, and playing with her bonnet strings as she spoke; "they are very graceful. Do sit down, Mrs. Gilbert; these places are so fatiguing. I am waiting for papa, who is talking politics with some people in the hall. I am very glad you like Roland's verses."

Lady Gwendoline's papa came in presently to look for his daughter. He was General Angus Pierpont Pomphrey, but he wore a black coat and gray trousers, just like other people, and had thick boots.

He said, "Haw, hum—yes, to be sure, my dear," when Gwendoline told him that she was ready to go home; "been talking to Witherspoon—very good fellow, Witherspoon," and then he went to look for Roland, whom he found in the next room with Charles Raymond, and then Gwendoline wished Isabel good morning and said something very kind to the effect that they should most likely meet again before long; Lowlands being so near Graybridge; and then the General offered his arm to his daughter.

She took it, but she looked back at

her cousin, who was talking to Mr. Raymond, and glancing every now and then in a half-amused, half-admiring way at Isabel.

"I am so glad to think you like my wretched scribble, Mrs. Gilbert," he said, going up to her presently.

Isabel blushed again, and said, "Oh, thank you; yes, they are very pretty."

"You are coming with us, I suppose, Roland?" Gwendoline said.

"Oh, yes—that is to say, I'll see you to the carriage."

"I thought you were coming to luncheon."

"No; I meant to come, but I must see that fellow Percival, the lawyer, you know, Gwendoline, and I want to have a little more talk with Raymond. You'll go on and show Mrs. Gilbert the Murillo in the next room, Raymond? And I'll run and look for my cousin's carriage, and then come back."

"We can find the carriage very well without you, Roland," Gwendoline answered quickly. "Come, papa."

The young man stopped, and a little shadow darkened over his face.

"Did you really ask me to luncheon?" he said.

"You really volunteered to come, after breakfast this morning, when you proposed bringing us here."

"Did I? Oh, very well; in that case I shall let the Percival business stand over, and I shall ride to Oakbank tomorrow morning, Raymond, and lie on the grass and talk to you all day long, if you'll let me waste your time for once in a way. Good-by; good morning, Mrs. Gilbert. By the bye, how do you mean to finish the day, Raymond?"

"I'm going to take Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert to Hurstonleigh Grove; or rather they take me, for they've brought a basket that reminds one of the Derby day. We're going to picnic in the grove, and drink tea in a cottage in honor of Isabel's—Mrs. Gilbert's birthday."

"You must come and picnic at Mordred some day. It's not as pretty as Hurstonleigh, but we'll manage to find a rustic spot."

The young man put on his hat, and went after his cousin and her father. Isabel saw him walking along the bright vista of rooms, and disappear in a burst of sunshine that flooded the great hall when the door was opened. The Beings were gone. For a brief interval she had been breathing the poetry of life; but she fell back now into the sober prose, and thought that half the grandeur was gone with those aristocratic visitors.

"And how do you like my young kinsman?" Mr. Raymond asked presently.

Isabel looked at him with surprise.

"He is your relation, Mr. Lansdell?"

"Yes. My mother was a Lansdell. There's a sort of cousinship between Roland and me. He's a good fellow, a very noble-hearted, high-minded young fellow, but—"

But what? Mr. Raymond broke off with so deep a sigh that Isabel imagined an entire romance upon the strength of the inspiration. Had he done anything wicked, that dark, beautiful creature, who only wanted the soul-harrowing memory of a crime to make him perfect? Had he seduced his cousin, like Byron, or buried a fellow creature in a cave, like Mr. Aram? Isabel's eyes opened to their widest extent, and Charles Raymond answered that inquiring glance.

"I sigh when I speak of Roland," he said, "because I know the young man is not happy. He stands quite alone in the world, and has more money than he knows how to spend—two very bad things for a young man. He is handsome and fascinating—another disadvantage—and he's brilliant without being a genius. In short, he's just the sort of man to dawdle away the brightest years of his life in the drawing rooms of a lot of women, and take to writing cynical trash about better men in his old age. I can see only one hope of redemption for him, and that is a happy marriage, a marriage with a sensible woman, who would get the whip hand of him before he knew where he was. All the luckiest and happiest men have been hempenked. Depend upon it, Mrs. Gilbert, the men who lead great lives, and do noble deeds, and die happy deaths, are married men, who mind their wives. I'm a bachelor, so of course I speak without prejudice. I do most heartily wish that Roland Lansdell may marry a good and sensible woman."

"A good and sensible woman?"

Isabel gave an involuntary shudder. Surely, of all the creatures upon this over-populated earth, a sensible woman was the very last whom Roland Lansdell ought to marry. He should marry some lovely being in perpetual white muslin, with long, shimmering, golden hair—the dark men always married fair women in Isabel's novels—a creature who would sit at his feet, and watch with him till dismal hours in the silent night; and who should be consumptive, and die some evening with flowers upon her breast, and a smile upon her face.

The picnic seemed quite a tame thing after these reveries in the carriage. The orphans met their uncle at the gate, and they all went across the grass, just as they had gone before, to the little low iron gate which Mr. Raymond was privileged to open with a special key, and into the grove, where the wonderful beeches and oaks make a faint summer darkness.

Was it the same grove? To Isabel it looked as if it had been made smaller since that other picnic; and the water-fall, and the woodland vistas, and the winding paths, and the arbor where they were to dine—it was all very well for the orphans to clap their hands, and dart off at a tangent every now and then to gather inconvenient wild flowers; but, after all, there was nothing so very beautiful in Hurstonleigh Grove.

Isabel wandered a little away by herself while Mr. Raymond and George and the orphans unpacked the basket.

She was walking slowly along the woodland pathway when she was startled by a rustling of the branches a few paces further on, and looking up, a sudden, half-frightened glance, she saw the tall figure of a man between her and the sunlight. The man was Mr. Roland

Lansdell, the author of "An Allen's Dream."

"I'm afraid I startled you, Mrs. Gilbert," he said, taking off his hat and standing bareheaded, with the shadows of the leaves flickering and trembling about him like living things. "I thought I should find Mr. Raymond here, as he said you were going to the picnic, and I want so much to talk to the dear old boy. So, as they know me at the lodge, I got them to let me go in."

Isabel tried to say something. She could not talk to this grand and beautiful creature, who possessed in his own person all the attributes of her favorite heroes.

She had a painful sense of her own deficiency; she knew all at once that she had no power to play the part she had so often fancied herself performing, to the admiration of superhuman beholders. But with all this pain and mortification there mingled a vague, delicious happiness. The dream had come true at last. This was romance—this was life.

What did it matter, then, if she was flustered and dazed and intoxicated by his presence? What did it signify if the solid earth became empyrean air under this foolish girl's footsteps? Mrs. Gilbert did not even ask herself these questions. She knew nothing, she thought nothing, except that a modern Lord Byron was walking by her side, and that it was but a very little way to the arbor.

CHAPTER X.

Roland Lansdell dined with his uncle and cousin at Lowlands upon the day after the picnic, but he said very little about his afternoon ramble in Hurstonleigh Grove.

The Lansdells of Mordred were not a large race, and Roland's father had died suddenly while the boy was away at school; but his mother, Anne Lansdell, only sister of the General, lived to be her son's companion and friend in the best and brightest years of his life. His life seemed to lose its brightness when he lost her, and this one great grief, acting on a naturally pensive temperament, must have done much to confirm that morbid melancholy which overshadowed Mr. Lansdell's mind.

The mother died, and the grand lacunum to do something good and great which might have made her proud and happy died with her. Roland said that he left the purest half of his heart behind him in the cemetery. Alas! the great misery of his life afflicted him most terribly here. He did not believe, for him there was no sweet whisper of the hope and the tempest of despair. In vain—in vain he strove to look beyond the grave. He prayed, but it may be that he prayed amiss, for the light never came to him. He was not too proud to seek for sympathy and consolation from the person whom he loved next best to her whom he had lost. That person was Gwendoline Pomphrey, his betrothed wife, the beloved niece of his dead mother.

He was engaged, and he was very much in love with his cousin. A two years' interval between their ages gave Gwendoline an immense advantage over her lover; she practiced a thousand feminine coquetties upon the simple, generous lad, and was proud of her power over him and very fond of him after her own fashion, which was not a very warm one. Her father had told her all about Roland's circumstances, and that the settlements would be very handsome.

Roland went abroad with his dying mother. He came back alone, six weeks after his mother's death, and went straight to Gwendoline for consolation. He found her in deep mourning, all aglow with bracelets and necklaces of shining jet, looking very fair and stately in her trailing black robes; but he found her drawing room filled with callers, and he left her, wounded and angry. He thought her so cold and proud of herself that he had expected to find her grief equal to his own. He went to her again in a passionate outbreak of grief and anger, told her she was cold-hearted and ungrateful, and that she had never loved the aunt who had been almost a mother to her! Gwendoline was the last woman in the world to submit to any such reproach. She was astounded by her lover's temerity.

(To be continued.)

Snakes Kept as Ranch Pets.

"Well, I don't have many pets around my house," said Richard Cook at the Midland Hotel to a Kansas City Star man. "In fact the only ones about the place are six large snakes." Mr. Cook is an Arizona cattle man with a ranch about seventy-five miles from Tucson. "You see, we need those snakes to keep off the rattlers and also to keep the ranch free from mice and rats," he continued.

"Those reptiles, 'bull' snakes we call them, are the best mousers you ever saw. They will go down a hole after a rat and you may rest assured that they never come back without it. They are also death on rattlesnakes. With those black snakes about the place we are never bothered with the other species. A peculiar feature is that the black snakes not only are free from poison, but they are comparatively friendly."

Know His Pains.

A letter tells of a minister's son who had been so disobedient at table that he was banished to a small table by himself, to eat there until he should repent and reform. He could not even join in the family grace, but was told to say grace at his own little table. So from his store of Scripture selections he chose this: "Oh, Lord, I thank Thee that Thou hast prepared a table for me in the presence of mine enemies."—Christian Register.

New Use for Lightning.

Extraordinary things happen at the other end of the telegraph wire. A story, for instance, comes from a small town in Minnesota about lightning striking an electric automobile whose batteries had run out. The stroke recharged the batteries and the occupants of the machine ran it home. —Detroit Free Press.

Fame's Sliding Sidewalk.

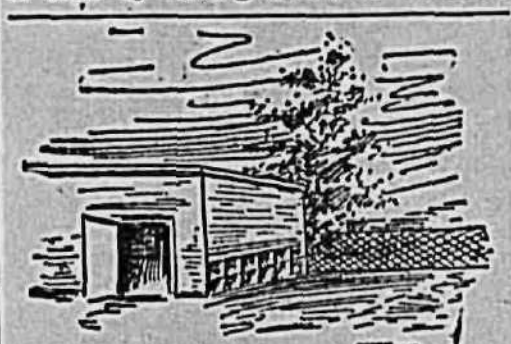
Stubbs—Well, there's room at the top. Scribbs—Yes, but if you blink up there somebody shoves you off.—Brooklyn Life.

FARMS AND FARMERS



Winter Homes for Turkeys.

While the idea of the turkey is to roost high, this privilege cannot always be accorded if a structure is to be provided for the birds in which to roost. If they are to roost in the trees, then they may choose their own limb. It is a good plan to make the turkey house low, but placing the roosts as high as possible without humping the birds up against the roof. The ventilation in such a house must largely be provided from the bottom, and this is done by having a row of windows



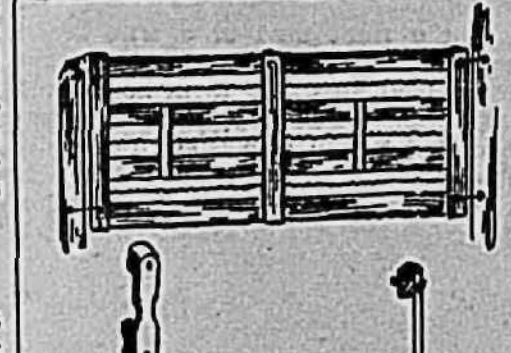
WINTER TURKEY HOUSE.

not over eighteen inches high at the bottom, so arranged that they may be lifted up to permit a current of air to enter.

These windows will also light the floor of the house, and a larger window may be placed on the opposite side, but higher up, in order properly to light the house. The turkeys will be anxious to get out of the house early in the morning to roam, so after they have gone to roost sprinkle a little grain in the chaff on the floor to keep them busy in the morning until they are let out. Turkeys on the range must be well fed during the period they are under cover, particularly at this time of year when the feeding on the range is poor, and when it is essential to keep them in good shape and able to fatten readily a little later.—Indianapolis News.

For Driving Hogs.

This is another idea which the one-man farmer will find exceedingly useful if he has to drive hogs for any purpose. It needs but one experience with the beasts to convince any man of the difficulty in making a hog go where desired. The hurdle described will help wonderfully in this work. Use slats of one by three material and make a hurdle two and one-half feet high and about four feet long. Make it of light weight material, so that it may be easily handled. In either end place, at top and bottom, hooks may be placed so that the hurdle may be attached to



HURDLE FOR DRIVING HOGS.

posts if required at any time. Then make handles to make it convenient in manipulating it. One should be on the center upright near the top and one on either side of the upright in about the middle. These handles are made by fashioning a strip of wood large enough to get hold of, and then nailing it on to a block and through the hurdle material. Made light, in the manner described, one can drive a number of hogs with ease and also ward off the quarrelsome boar if a member of the herd. In the illustration the small cut at the left shows the completed handle and the one at the right the manner of fashioning the bolt through the block of wood, and the end of the nail or screw going through the slat.

Fattening Steers.

The old method of cramming corn into a steer regardless of whether or not he digests it, depending on hogs to pick up the undigested corn, is a poor as well as an old method. To put on good flesh and to put it on fast a steer should digest thoroughly all the food that he takes into his stomach. The food should be prepared carefully in order that perfect digestion should take place. Less corn and more ensilage foods should be used in finishing a steer for the market, for the old idea that corn is the only food that will finish a steer properly is demonstrated to be a mistaken one by experiment stations conducted by responsible men selected by the government.

Exhibiting Fruits at Fairs.

One of the handsomest and most attractive exhibits of fruit we have ever seen was that shown by Lucas County at the Ohio State fair. The fruits, which comprised practically the whole list of those available at that season, were neatly arranged on a large table about twenty feet square and in such a manner that the combination of va-

rieties and colors at once attracted attention and prompted comment on the beauty of the products. Too frequently color on exhibition tables is overlooked.—Exchange.

Husking Corn.

By far the most serious task in raising corn is the matter of husking it in the field. Up to date no practical machine adapted to this purpose has appeared. Many have been tried, but they usually fall short in some important particular. None of them has become popular, and a fortune awaits the man who perfects a thoroughly practical corn husker, which will be as successful relatively as the modern Judd Farmer. When corn is to be husked direct from the standing corn, it should be allowed to mature quite thoroughly, particularly if it is of a variety with large ears and large cob, containing a high percentage of moisture. This must be determined by examination. Some seasons husking begins the latter part of September, while in others it is not safe to begin husking until the middle or end of October. The time will also depend largely upon the variety. Early maturing kinds have small cobs, and they can be husked much earlier than late-maturing and large-ear varieties. Corn when first placed in the crib contains 13 to 35 or 40 per cent of moisture. A common practice in the great corn States is to start through the field marking a "down" row. Husk two rows to the left of the wagon and the one row that is under it. Go around a good-sized "land" in this manner. The next time through the field and every succeeding time thereafter have the team straddle the last husked row next the corn that has not been husked. This will prevent the necessity of picking up a down row each time, and will enable the husker to do his work. The ordinary wagon box will hold from twenty-five to thirty bushels. When the corn is exceptionally good, a skillful husker will be able to more than fill one wagon box in half a day. The capacity of a box may be increased by putting on additional sideboards. On the right side of the wagon box it is desirable to place one or two extra boards to act as bump boards. The husker will not need to use so much care in throwing in his work. A good husker so gauges the distance from the row in the wagon box that it is not necessary for him to look where he throws his ear.

World's Milk Production.

It is estimated that the total weight of cows' milk produced in the world is 26,400,000 hundredweight, distributed as follows: United States, 6,100,000 hundredweight; Russia, 3,500,000; Germany, 3,000,000; France, 200,000; England, 200,000; Austria, 1,700,000; Italy, 1,450,000; Canada, 1,300,000; Holland, 1,200,000; Sweden and Norway, 800,000; Switzerland, 700,000; Denmark, 600,000; Belgium, 600,000; Australia, 550,000; Spain, 500,000; and Portugal, 500,000. The production of milk in Europe is 18,450,000 hundredweight from 45,000,000 cows. The number of milch cows in the world is 63,800,000—15,040,000 in the United States and 10,000,000 in Russia. There are only six head of horned cattle in Spain to each 24 acres of cultivated land, while in France there are thirty-four and in England fifty-six. This shows the poor condition of cattle breeding in Spain, and explains the constant increase in the price of butcher's meat for public consumption.

Potatoes Running Out.

It is a common idea that the varieties of potatoes tend to run out or become inferior when cultivated long without change of seed. A number of independent experiments were made along this line in Germany the past few years and the conclusion reached that varieties do not necessarily run out if proper care is taken in sowing the seed, and if the soil and conditions are suitable for potatoes. It is found that in favorable localities varieties have kept their best characteristics for a long series of years where the best seed was saved for planting.

Land That Should Be Drained.

It is estimated that there are about one hundred million acres now unproductive which can be reclaimed through dikes and drains. This land would have a productive capacity equal to four times that of the State of Illinois and would considerably exceed the productive area which can be reclaimed by irrigation.

Why Winter Chicks Die.

The English poultry expert, E. Brown, after several seasons of experiment, has concluded that the broiler chicks die chiefly during the first twenty days from want of exercise. By using dry feeds instead of wet feeds and making the chickens scratch for what they eat, the deaths were reduced to a small number.

Cost of Filling Silos.

The cost of filling silos was estimated by the Illinois Station from records obtained from nineteen farms in various parts of the State and the figures showed a range of forty to seventy-six cents per ton, the average being fifty-six cents.

Clover Hay for Sheep.

Clover hay is an excellent feed for ewes with lambs. Any farmer can have this kind of feed. It ranks high in milk producing food.

IF YOU ARE A WOMAN

What Mrs. Ford Says Concerning Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will Surely Interest You.

"I wish I could help other women get rid of certain physical troubles as completely as I have succeeded in getting rid of mine," said Mrs. B. B. Ford, of Poughkeepsie, Miss., recently. "You know," she continued, "that a woman's health depends chiefly on the regularity of just one function. If she fails to keep that properly regulated she has no end of physical misery. I suffered from that one cause for two wretched years, during one of which I was kept in bed all the time. I tried medicines enough to cure any illness, but nothing gave me the slightest benefit until I began using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. They cured me. Why, I was suffering all the time practically from sickness of the stomach, dizziness or swimming in my head and pain in my back. Now I am entirely free from discomfort of that sort. I am not only able to keep on my feet, but to do my work as a teacher, and to enjoy the pleasures that come through the possession of sound health."

"Within three weeks after beginning the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I experienced such relief that I knew they must be adapted to the needs of my case. After using them for a short while longer I became and have since remained a well woman, and the reason why is simply that I took Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These pills make urticaria action regular and painless, banish headaches, languor, nervousness, create appetite, promote digestion, put color in the complexion, build up strength and health. Every woman should send to the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Schenectady, N.Y., for a valuable booklet, entitled 'Plain Talks to Women.' It will be mailed free in sealed envelope to the address of any applicant. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all druggists."

Tainted Tin.

"Can I get in?" asked the new arrival.

"H-m-m, that depends," replied St. Peter, doubtfully.

"I never drank, smoked, chewed or swore. I gave everybody a square deal, I—"

"Cut all that out," was the terse reply, "and tell me what was your business?"

"I was an expert accountant."

"Sure, you can get in! You're what we have been watching for. You see, we are expecting Rockefeller now at almost any time and all of our accountants are working overtime. We want to be able to hand him an itemized statement when he applies for admission."

"A statement of what he did with his money?"

"No; a statement of how he got it."

—Houston Post.

CONSTIPATION AND STOMACH TROUBLE CAN BE CURED

J. S. Janssen, President of the Milwaukee Retail Druggists' Association, Talks on the Dangers of Constipation and Stomach Trouble.

"I have noticed the large number of cases of typhoid fever lately," said Mr. J. S. Janssen to a Daily News representative. "To my notion typhoid fever, malarial fever, appendicitis and many kindred complaints are the result of constipation, which in many cases is the cause of the patient to run along without proper treatment. You will remember when you were a child and the doctor was called, his first prescription was a dose of castor oil. All physicians know the value of having the bowels thoroughly opened. People, when they grow up, allow constipation to become a chronic through lack of attention. Constipation is the failure of the bowels to carry off the undigested food, which collects in the alimentary canal and there decays, generating poisonous disease germs. These germs find their way into the blood, the system, which they are carried to every tissue. The fever thus created affects not only the lungs, kidneys, stomach, heart and nervous system, but in fact attacks every part of the body is liable to break down as a result. The blood becomes thin and watery. The sufferer loses in flesh and strength. Castor oil and pills will not cure an ailment like this. Something more than a laxative is needed. There are many physics on the market and we sell a great many, but the only one that is the most popular of the kind in the city. I do not often talk about manufactured medicine, but the high esteem in which Mull's Grape Tonic is held by the drug and medical fraternities has impressed me and I know from actual experience right here in our store that Mull's Grape Tonic cures constipation and stomach trouble positively and permanently."

"Grape Tonic is not a physic, but it immediately clears the bowels of the decaying food because of the peculiarly strengthening effects it exerts over the organs of the digestive system. As for food, it is superior to the nauseating cod liver oil compounds. It builds flesh faster and creates strength quicker than any other preparation known to medicine. The ingredients are positively harmless, made mainly from crushed grapes and fruits. It is a full bottle medicine and it is only one wish that people paid more attention to these little details, which are the basis of the beginning are of so slight importance, but which grow in magnitude until the most serious trouble and some deadly disease sustains itself on the constipation. There is really nothing easier to take than Mull's Grape Tonic. I hope you, through the influence of your paper, can bring the readers to a sense of the gravity of allowing constipation to become chronic."

WRITE FOR THIS FREE BOTTLE TODAY.

Good for ailing children and nursing mothers.

131 FREE BOTTLE COUPON.

Send this coupon with your name and address and drug store to the nearest Mull's Grape Tonic for Stomach and Bowels to Mull's Grape Tonic Co., at Third Ave., Rock Island, Ill.

Give Full Address and Write Plainly. The 131st bottle contains nearly three times the size and about six times the 35c size. At drug stores.

The genuine has a date and number stamped on the label—take no other from your druggist.

Great Applause.

"I hear that the handsome matinee idol is carrying a side line."

"Yes, he is getting a big salary from a glove factory."

"A glove factory?"

"Sure! When the matinee girls begin to applaud him uproariously he holds up his finger for silence and says: 'Young ladies, all who split their gloves will please patronize Fittom's Glove Company.'"

BANK OF ANTIOCH.

EDWARD BROOK,
BANKER.

BUY AND SELL EXCHANGE,
AND DO A GENERAL
BANKING BUSINESS.

WISCONSIN CENTRAL RAILWAY CO.

Antioch Station 58 Miles North of Chicago

TIME CARD—Antioch Station.

GOING NORTH
Lv. Chicago. 8:35 AM—No. 5, Daily ex Sunday 10:40 AM
1:30 PM—No. 7, Daily ex Sunday 3:15 PM
4:30 PM—No. 13, Daily 6:20 PM

GOING SOUTH
Lv. Antioch. 7:15 AM—No. 14, Daily 10:20 AM
11:47 AM—No. 8, Daily ex Sunday 1:30 PM
4:20 PM—No. 6, Daily ex Sunday 6:15 PM
9:48 PM—No. 2, Daily 10:50 PM

Patrons can now board or leave the above trains at Halstead street, Chicago, instead of the Central station if so desired.
GEO. KUHAUPT, Agent, Antioch.

CHICAGO & MILWAUKEE ELECTRIC RAILROAD COMPANY.

Cars run between Lake Bluff and Rockefeller once every hour, leaving Lake Bluff on the even hour and returning from Rockefeller on the half hour.

Cars pass Lake Bluff going North and South every twenty minutes on the even hour and at 20 and 40 minutes after the hour.

Cars leave Waukegan for Zion City every 20 minutes on the even hour.

LOTUS CAMP No. 567 M. W. A. meets at 7:30 the first and third Monday evening of every month, in Woodmen hall, Antioch, Illinois. Visiting Neighbors always welcome.
C. M. MANLEY, V. C.
J. C. JAMES, JR., Clerk.

SEQUOIT LODGE, No. 87, A. F. & A. M., holds regular communications the first and third Wednesday evenings of every month. Visiting Brethren always welcome.
The Eastern Star meets Second and Fourth Wednesdays of each month.

In Fly Time.

Charles J. Bonaparte, the new Secretary of the Navy, writes a neat and beautiful hand.

A reporter, on a hot afternoon not long since, complimented Mr. Bonaparte on his chirography, and to the compliment the secretary replied:

"At the seaside I once heard a little girl make a remark about her father's writing that would not have applied to mine."

"The little girl was reading with her mother in the hotel office. On the table before her was an ink bottle and some clean stationery, and as she read a fly got into the ink. The fly, after a hard struggle, emerged from its black bath, and in an exhausted and dragged condition it trailed itself slowly and with great difficulty across a sheet of snowy paper."

"The little girl, regarding the fly's track across the page, exclaimed: 'Oh, mamma, look! Here is a fly that writes just like papa.'"

He Could Hardly Get Up.

P. H. Duffy of Ashley, Ill., writes: "This is to certify that I have taken two bottles of Foley's Kidney Cure and it has helped me more than any other medicine. I tried many advertised remedies, but none of them gave me any relief. My druggist recommended Foley's Kidney Cure and it has cured me. Before commencing its use I was in such a shape that I could hardly get up when once down." Sold by J. H. Swan.

Korean Woman Comes to Study.
Miss Melissa Kim, a native of Korea, has arrived in San Francisco, where she will study medicine. There is a general movement among the women of China and Korea, Miss Kim says, in favor of higher education, and her intimate friend a Hoo-Chow was Seng Wong Tsing Ling, a Chinese girl, who has recently gone to Japan to study law there and will practice in the Japanese courts. But few Korean women have come to this country thus far and Miss Kim is the first to speak English at all. She is 28 years old.

Son Lost Mother.

"Consumption runs in our family, and through it I lost my mother," writes E. B. Reid, of Harmony, Me. "For the past five years, however, on the slightest sign of a cough or cold, I have taken Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, which has saved me from serious lung trouble." His mother's death was a sad loss for Mr. Reid, but he learned that lung trouble must not be neglected, and how to cure it. Quickest relief and cure for coughs and colds. Price 50c and \$1.00; guaranteed at J. H. Swan's drug store. Trial bottle free.

Inference.

Grayce—I know something about Mabel.
Gladys—What is it?
Grayce—I will never, never tell.
Gladys—O, you know something good about her, eh?

KILL THE COUGH AND CURE THE LUNGS

WITH Dr. King's
New Discovery

FOR CONSUMPTION
COUGHS AND
OLD
Price 50c and \$1.00
Free Trial.
Quickest and Surest Cure for all
THROAT AND LUNG TROUBLES,
OF MONEY BACK.

Striking at Any Rate.
President Paul Morton was entertaining at Manhattan Beach 750 agents of the Equitable Life.

An agent from the West asked Mr. Morton if he believed that advertising benefited life insurance.

"Good advertising," the other answered, "benefits every form of business."

"But what is good advertising?" said the agent.

"Good advertising," returned Mr. Morton, "is the kind that strikes home, the kind that gives you a friendly feeling toward a concern. It makes you believe that it will be pleasant and profitable to deal with the advertiser."

"A Detroit grocer, in my boyhood, inserted in the papers an advertisement that I think was a good one. I still remember it. It ran:

"Twins are come to me for the third time. This time a boy and a girl. I beseech my friends and patrons to support me stoutly."

Man's Unreasonableness

is often as great as woman's. But Thos. S. Austin, Mgr. of the "Republican," of Leavenworth, Ind., was not unreasonable, when refused to allow the doctors to operate on his wife, for female trouble. "Instead," he says, "we concluded to try Electric Bitters. My wife was then so sick, she could hardly leave her bed, and five (5) physicians had failed to relieve her. After taking Electric Bitters she was perfectly cured, and can now perform all her household duties." Guaranteed by J. H. Swan, druggist; price 50c.

Why Norah Was Worried.

My maid Norah went to consult a fortune teller and returned wallowing dismally.

"Did she predict some great trouble?" I asked sympathetically.

"Och, mem, sich terrible news!" moaned Norah, rocking back and forth wringing her hands.

"Tell me," I said, wishing to comfort the girl.

"She told me that me father works hard shovellin' coal an' 'tudin' foibles for a livin'."

"But that's no disgrace nor sorrow," I said, a trifle vexed at such affectation.

"Och, mem, me poor father!" sobbed Norah. "He's bin dead these noine years!"—Judge.

Anxious Moments.

Some of the most anxious hours of a mother's life are those when the little ones of the household have the croup. There is no other medicine so effective in this terrible malady as Foley's Honey and Tar. It is a household favorite for throat and lung troubles, and as it contains no opiates or other poisons, it can be safely given. Sold by J. H. Swan.

Bad Spell.

Little Marlon was invited with her mother to dine at the house of a very proper friend, and, wishing her to appear at her best, her mother told her beforehand that she must not make unfavorable remarks about anything on the table.

Marlon remembered her instructions well until she tasted her dessert, and then, leaning across the table towards her mother, in a very audible whisper she spelled, after the manner that she had heard grown people spell when she was not intended to understand, "Mama—b-f—sour pie,"—Lippincott's Magazine.

Expect Great Religious Revival.

Leaders of the Methodist church in Brooklyn are expecting a great revival this fall. They claim that there is a remarkable religious awakening in the city, which they hope to see greatly stimulated by the personal efforts of Bishop Mallaleu of Boston. He was retired at the last conference, but has declared his willingness to give every help in his power. The bishop has been notably successful in this kind of work.

"Cut it Out"

says many a doctor to his lady patients, because he doesn't know of any medicine that will cure female troubles except the surgeon's knife.

That such a medicine exists, however, is proved by thousands of cures made by

WINE OF CARDUI

Cures Womb Disease

It has saved the lives of many weak, sick women and rescued others from a lifetime of chronic sickness. It will cure you if you will only give it a chance. Try it. Sold by all druggists and dealers in \$1.00 bottles.

GAVE UP SUPPORTER.

"I wore a supporter for four years, to keep up my womb," writes Mrs. S. J. Christman, of Mansville, N. Y. "My doctor said no medicine would help me. After taking Cardui I gave up my supporter and am now well."

QUELLING A MUTINY

CAMP FOREMAN BROUGHT MUTINOUS CREW TO TERMS.

A Little Strategy and Some Strenuous Action in Single Combat Made Men See the Error of Their Ways—Mighty Persuasive Man, Webster.

"I 'apose there are some pretty tough characters who go into the woods nowadays," said a man who had spent the better part of forty years lumbering on the Penobscot and its branches. "Somehow, though, it don't seem to me that any of the crews they get together now can equal some of the old ones for downright cussedness. About the worst I ever come across was in a camp up near Cooper Brook a good many years ago."

"The crew went into the woods in September and worked along without much difficulty until the early part of the winter. They had been cutting timber on a mountain and when it had all been taken off on one side the crew wanted to continue work in another direction. The boss wouldn't listen to this proposition for a minute. He said it would mean the loss of hundreds of dollars. The men didn't care if it did. They weren't going to risk their lives any longer, they said, working with horses on the side of a mountain as steep as that particular one. Everything might have gone out to the iron works, and from there to Brownville one day."

"This trio got back to camp three days later with all the whiskey they could possibly carry, both inside and out. Their arrival was the signal for the rest of the crew to stop work and that night the fun started. Big Buck Sanderson, the bully of the camp and the acknowledged leader of the faction that was opposed to the boss, announced that the crew would either work where they wanted to or they wouldn't work at all. If the foreman didn't like it he could leave. In fact, Sanderson hinted, it would be better if he left anyway."

"The boss was a man named Webster, who wasn't afraid of a dozen camps full of drunken lumbermen. He formed a plan for the undoing of the mutineers, and that night he put it into execution. The snow was some six feet deep all about the camps, and he figured it out that a man with his bare feet couldn't travel through it to any great extent. After the last of the revelers had dropped over on his bunk and subsided, Webster cautiously entered the camp and began gathering up the moccasins and rubber shoes of the sleepers. He took every bit of footwear in sight, including leggings and hid the whole pile where it was certain it could not be found. Then he went to his own camp, locked the door and turned in."

"The next morning there was trouble. Webster had sort of suspected that there might be, and was prepared for it. From the window of his log stronghold he held out terms. He would agree to fight Buck Sanderson and lick him, but if he did the men must abide by his decision in regard to working. If Sanderson didn't wish to fight and the men still persisted in their refusal to follow his direction, why, he would break camp. He had the key to their supply camp and all their footgear. He would make tracks for the settlements on snow shoes, and they could follow as best they might."

"The men didn't take long to consider Webster's offer, and Sanderson agreed to carry out his part of the agreement. The fight that followed was one of the bloodiest ever seen in a Maine lumber camp. It lasted nearly two hours, and when it was over two men had to start for the iron works after a doctor for Sanderson. Webster had broken his nose, right arm, and three ribs. I believe he finally pulled through. The next morning the men went back to work, and there was no further trouble."

"He had a mighty persuasive way, that Webster."

Making a Peaceful Settlement.

The Scandinavians not only have set the world a good example in settling their differences peacefully, but have given a life to the general cause of arbitration. One article of the treaty for the separation of Norway and Sweden provides for the submission of future disputes to the Hague court. There is the usual reservation of matters affecting the independence, integrity or vital interests of either," but another clause sets forth that the question whether any controversy does affect "vital interests" shall itself be left to arbitration. This is a far-sighted and humane plan of making international deadlocks over trifles far less likely.—New York Evening Post.

Sloux Descended from Japs.

Dr. Charles A. Eastman, our civilized aborigine-American fellow-citizen from Amherst, Mass., told a Detroit audience that the Sloux tribe undoubtedly were descended from the Japanese. The names of many of the Japanese battleships are, he said, practically Sloux names so little changed as readily to be recognized. In connection with the theory it is interesting to recall that a member of another tribe of North American Indians is said to have found in the Philippine colony at the St. Louis exposition representatives of one of the savage races of the archipelago whose language he understood with little difficulty.—Detroit Journal.

HOARSE COUGHS STUFFY COLDS

QUICKLY CURED BY
Foley's Honey and Tar

There is no case on record of a cold resulting in Pneumonia, or other serious lung trouble, after Foley's Honey and Tar had been taken.

It will cure the most obstinate racking cough, and heals and strengthens the lungs.

Foley's Honey and Tar has cured many cases of incipient Consumption and even in the last stages will always give comfort and relief.

Foley's Honey and Tar gives quick relief to Asthma sufferers, as it relieves the difficult breathing at once.

Remember the name—Foley's Honey and Tar—and refuse substitutes that cost you the same as the genuine. Do not take chances with some unknown preparation.

Contains no opiates.

Cured of Terrible Cough on Lungs.

N. Jackson, of Danville, Ill., writes: "My daughter had a severe attack of La Grippe and a terrible cough on her lungs. We tried a great many remedies without relief. She tried Foley's Honey and Tar, which cured her. She has never been troubled with a cough since."

Consumption Cured.

Foley & Co., Chicago. Dana, Ind. Gentlemen:—Foley's Honey and Tar cured me of Consumption after I had suffered two years and was almost desperate. Three physicians failed to give me any relief and the last one said he could do me no good. I tried almost every medicine I heard tell of without benefit, until Foley's Honey and Tar was recommended to me. Its effect right from the start was magical. I improved steadily from the first dose and am now sound and well, and think Foley's Honey and Tar is a God-send to people with Throat and Lung Trouble. Yours very truly,

MRS. MARY AMBROSE.

Three sizes—25c, 50c, \$1.00. The 50-cent size contains two and one-half times as much as the small size and the \$1.00 bottle almost six times as much.

SOLD AND RECOMMENDED BY
JAMES H. SWAN

Self-Improvement.

Every real and searching effort at self-improvement is of itself a lesson of profound humility. For we cannot move a step without learning and feeling the waywardness, the weakness, the vacillation of our movements or without desiring to be set upon the Rock that is higher than ourselves.—W. E. Gladstone.

ITALIANS KILL SINGING BIRDS.

Goldfinches, Bluejays and Bats Shot and Sold in the Market.

The olive trees around Lucca are not nearly so old or so gnarled looking as those familiar to visitors on the Riviera, probably because, owing to the proximity of the mountains, the climate in which they grow is more temperate.

There would be a great many beautiful singing birds in the groves and mountain sides around Lucca were it not for the passion which the Tuscan contadini have for la caccia—the chase. The sport they indulge in all day long is shooting at goldfinches and linnets and other little birds, all of which are sold and eaten.

In the markets at Lucca I have seen jays for sale. Upon my expressing a doubt as to their succulency I was assured that they were excellent—when boiled.

There is apparently no rule in Tuscany as to not shooting on the high roads. Indeed, on every mile or two of roadway you will probably meet at least one cacciatore with a gun upon his shoulder.

They will fire at anything, even a bat. I, myself, saw my friend's cook, Tito by name, shoot a bat on the high road. He said if he could only get enough of them they would make a good pie. Ye gods! but pie and boiled jay—what a dinner!—Chambers' Journal.

Enormous Naval Expenses.

In putting from \$4,000,000 to \$7,000,000 into the construction of a battleship nations are practically putting that amount into an eggshell which may be crushed and ruined at a touch. Commodore Oliver Hazard Perry won a memorable victory, very important in its results, with a fleet of ships which seventy days before his fight had been standing as living trees on the shores of Lake Erie. That was not so far back in the history of the nation. Now it takes four years to build a battleship and fifteen minutes, perhaps, to destroy it. We call this progress, but the joy of the nations over peace suggests that the world's attention may presently become centered on another sort of progress.—New York Mail.

ALONE IN ITS GLORY

MONT PEELE TOWERS OVER A SCENE OF DESOLATION.

Not Even the Wondrous Moonlight of the Tropics Can Make the Ruined City of St. Pierre Aught but a Melancholy Sight.

"As the vessel steamed into the open sea from Dominica the night came, serene and clear, and radiant with stars," writes W. P. Livingston. "Straight ahead there rose an uncertain mass, darker than the night, with the southern cross, not yet erect, shining above. When it took more palpable shape we saw, sweeping up from the sea, in vast, magnificent outline, the form of Mont Pelee. There was no huddling of summits and shoulders, as in the other islands, but one broad base swelling into a single needlelike peak. The cone was silhouetted against the sky with the sharpness of a photographic negative, like many tropical peaks at night when the air is free from the cloud which the heat and the wind of the day develop. Along the coast lights gleamed from the hamlets among the palm groves, but as we passed to leeward and entered the shadow of the land we approached the volcanic zone, and these kindly glimmerings became fewer and then ceased. And always skyward stood out the lonely peak envied by the beauty and mystery of the night."

"As we looked there came a swift movement on the summit, and a column of steam, white and ghostlike, swirled up and rose high in the air. The effect was startling in its suddenness, in the contrast which the flying vapor made with the dark, immovable rock, and one gazed with fascinated expectancy, not knowing what might follow. The cloud went spurting upward, but toward the top, where the pressure lessened, it also spread slowly out with a puffing, rolling motion. Then it collapsed and became a mass of shapeless mist that covered the peak and hid it from view."

"The moon clouds broke and a beam of light shot down and rested upon the mountain side and by and by the whole land was illumined and revealed. There was no appearance, as in the other islands, of rounded masses of vegetation or serrated ridge, but only of clean, flintlike surface, adamantine and barren. One felt the cool wind that always blows off these islands at night, but here it came unscented with the fragrance of the woods. The light shone on the arcades as on smooth quartz, but left the canyons black and impenetrable. One of these, the River Blanche, extended up to the peak, and one would imagine he saw, in the higher folds, the crater which opened that fair Ascension morning and shot out the incandescent blast that annihilated St. Pierre."

"St. Pierre! There it lies along a bend in the coast at the foot of the southern slopes, soundless because sheltered from the surf that rolls and beats upon the Atlantic side, dreamless because it is a city of the dead. The moonshine of the tropics can do wonderful things. It can transform a swamp into a garden and shabby buildings into palaces, but it cannot make St. Pierre anything but what it is—the skeleton of an organism once vivid with life, a thing of rags and tatters, of wreck irretrievable, surcharged with horror and melancholy."

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Over-Work Weakens Your Kidneys.

Unhealthy Kidneys Make Impure Blood.

All the blood in your body passes through your kidneys once every three minutes.

The kidneys are your blood purifiers, they filter out the waste or impurities in the blood. If they are sick or out of order, they fail to do their work.

Pains, aches and rheumatism come from excess of uric acid in the blood, due to neglected kidney trouble.

Kidney trouble causes quick or unsteady heart beats, and makes one feel as though they had heart trouble, because the heart is over-working in pumping thick, kidney-poisoned blood through veins and arteries.

It used to be considered that only urinary troubles were to be traced to the kidneys, but now modern science proves that nearly all constitutional diseases have their beginning in kidney trouble.

If you are sick you can make no mistake by first doctoring your kidneys. The mild and the extraordinary effect of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney remedy is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases and is sold on its merits.

by all druggists in fifty-cent and one-dollar sizes. You may have a sample bottle by mail. Home of Swamp-Root, free, also pamphlet telling you how to find out if you have kidney or bladder trouble. Mention this paper when writing Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

Don't make any mistake, but remember the name, Swamp-Root. Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y., on every bottle.

USE FOR INCLINED ELEVATORS.

English Port Has Four Labor Savers In Operation.

The latest application of the inclined elevator, more commonly known as the moving stairway, is found in a freight elevator for carrying trunks, mail bags and boxes between steamers and wharves. This elevator, which is practically a gangplank and can be shifted about, contains within itself the entire apparatus, including the electric motor.

Its floor, instead of being composed of planks, is a movable platform. There are only four such elevators now in use in the world, and these are all at Dover, England. Steamship men at this port are considering its use here.

Another use of the inclined elevator in stores, from basement to sidewalk. On it men with hand trucks and with rolling boxes or baskets are carried, as well as merchandise.

Another novel use for the inclined elevator has been found in England, at seaside resorts on its southern coast. Here, in many places, the beach runs from high bluffs, from which visitors must descend by stairs to reach the shore. At a number of these places inclined elevators have been installed.—New York Sun.

A Disastrous Calamity.

It is a disastrous calamity when you lose your health, because indigestion and constipation have rapped it away. Prompt relief can be had in Dr. King's New Life Pills. They build up your digestive organs and cure headache, dizziness, colic, constipation, etc. Guaranteed at J. H. Swan's drug store; 25c.

Even Doctors Err at Times.

The fallibility of medical science is illustrated by the recent report of the statistical committee for London hospitals, showing that during the last year there had been nearly 2,000 cases of mistaken diagnosis and that caring for patients who ought never to have been admitted had cost \$60,000.

A Policeman's Testimony.

J. N. Patterson, night policeman of Nashua, Ia., writes, "Last winter I had a bad cold on my lungs and tried at least a half dozen advertised cough medicines and had treatment from two physicians without getting any benefit. A friend recommended Foley's Honey and Tar and two thirds of a bottle cured me. I consider it the greatest cough and lung medicine in the world." Sold by J. H. Swan.

SURPRISED THE BOSTON GIRD

Englishman's Answer Really Something of a Staggerer.

The duke of Argyll has rather a pretty wit, and some years ago he was travelling in Canada on a hunting trip. He joined a Canadian Pacific train about twenty miles from Manitoba, and having been roughing it fairly hard the duke, as he sank into a seat beside a fine young lady from Boston, looked as begrimed and weather-beaten as a trapper as ever brought his peltries into the settlement.

"Don't you find a too utterly passionate sympathy with nature's most intimate aspirations among the sky-toppling mountains and the dim aisles of the horizon-touching forests, my good man," said the soulful lady, after an interval.

"Oh, yes, yes," replied the apparent backwoodsman, "and I also am frequently drawn into an exaltation of rapt blissfulness and beatific incandescent infinity of abstract contiguity when my horse stumbles."

"Indeed," said the Boston maiden, "I had no idea the lower classes ever felt like that."—London Answers.

Nature needs only a Little Early Riser now and then to keep the bowels clean, the liver active, and the system free from bile, headache, constipation, etc. The famous little pills "Early Risers" are pleasant in effect and perfect in action. They never gripe or sicken, but tone and strengthen the liver and kidneys. Sold by J. H. Swan.